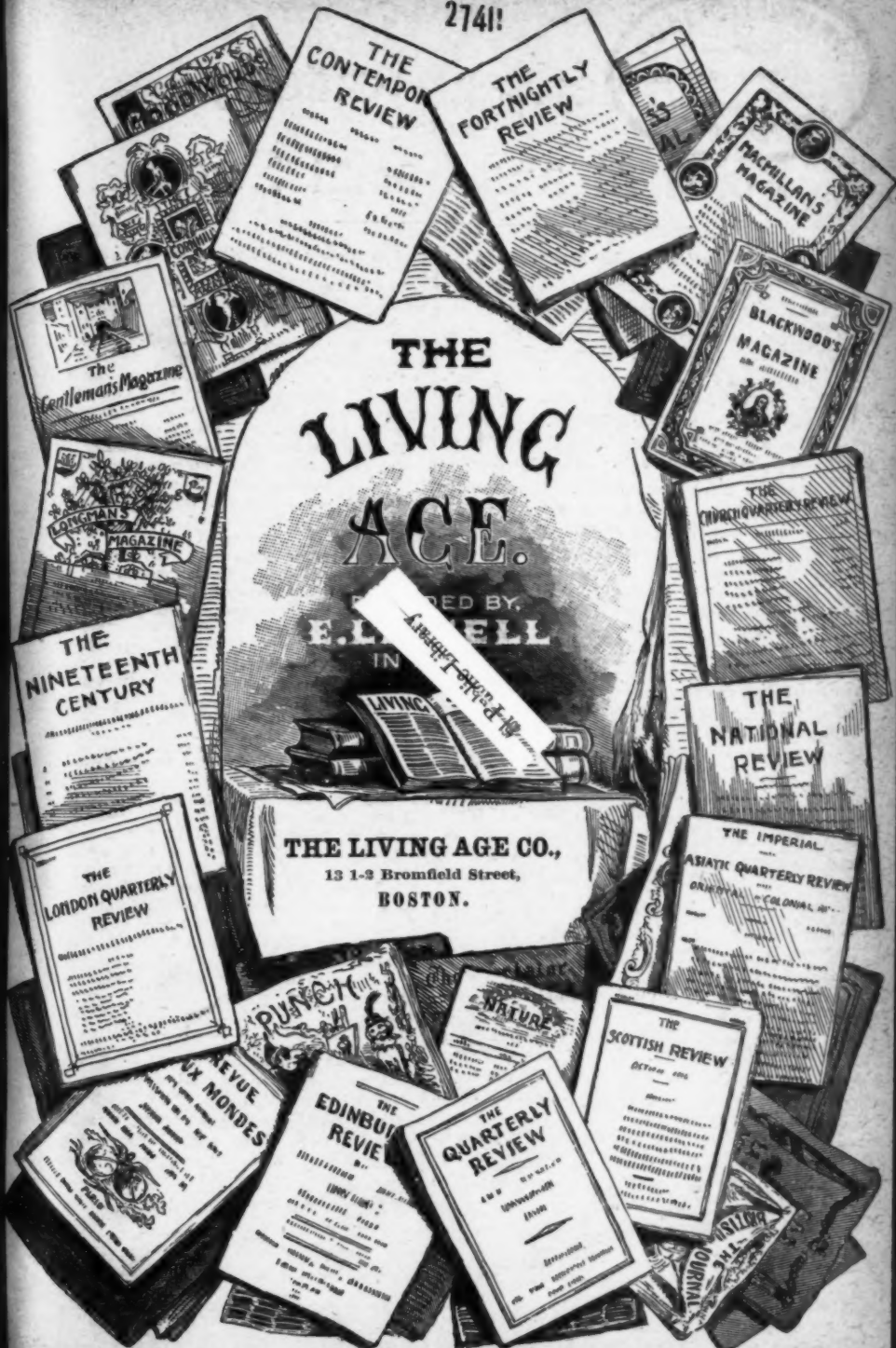


YOUNG TURKEY.—By KARL BLIND.
274!!



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THE LIVING AGE.

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From Beginning,
Vol. CXXII.

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THE HEATHER.

If I were king of France, that noble fine
land,
And the gold was elbow-deep within my
chests,
And my castles lay in scores along the
wine-land,
With towers as high as where the eagle
nests;
If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout
and vaunting,
My history sang, my stainless tartan
wore,
Was not my fortune poor, with one thing
wanting—
The heather at my door?

My galleys every ocean might be sailing,
Robbing the isles and sacking hold and
keep,
My chevaliers with loyalty unailing
Might bring me back of cattle, horse,
and sheep,
Soft arms be round my neck, the young
heart's tether,
And true love-kisses all the night might
fill,
But oh! *mochree*, if I had not the heather
Before me on the hill!

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's
pay,
If I might earn them where the heather,
waving,
Gave fragrance to the day.
The stars might see me, homeless one and
weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And still, content, I'd find a bedding
cheery,
Where'er the heather grew.

Blackwood's Magazine. NEIL MUNRO.

FORGIVENESS.

If I should pray to be forgiven, yet bear
The fires of unforgiveness smouldering
low,
How can I hope to know
A hearing for my prayer?—
To ask and yet withhold forgiveness—can
I dare?
Shall I implore that God remit my debt,
And yet
Refuse to pardon or forget?

Academy.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THE SEASONS.

The crocus in the shrewd March morn,
Thrusts up his saffron spear;
And April dots the sombre thorn
With gems, and loveliest cheer.
Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
While slowly swells the pod,
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.
The winter comes: the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The white drift heaps against the hut;
And night is pierced with stars.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Every one knows that the rose will fade,
(Sure, I knew too!)
So why would I be a whit dismayed
When you died, Roisin dubh?
For a day and a night and a morrow,
The bloom of you—
Then death: and what use of sorrow
For a rose, Roisin dubh?
Yet, little black rose, so dear you were—
So sweet you grew;
And your stem is sad now you are not
there,
And your leaves, Roisin dubh!
O little black rose! my soul I'd give,
My body too,
For a day, for an hour, that you might live
On your bush, Roisin dubh!
Sweet, sweet, till the world was glad for
you,
And kinder too;
Now your bush and your world are sad for
you,
Roisin dubh!

NORA HOPPER.

SLEEPLESS.

With downward lashes, veiling deep
Soft stars of pain,
The troubled angel of thy sleep
Is here in vain:
Sad with the wasted dreams that he
Had brought for thee.
Oh, hush then only for his sake!
In pity go
With him a little, who would make
Thee happy so,
Away from sorrow, hand in hand,
As he had planned.

WINIFRED LUCAS.

From The Fortnightly Review.
YOUNG TURKEY.

Was not the Crimean War a colossal blunder, nay, even a crime? That is the "Liberal" cry now of those who would effect the Partition of Turkey, or hand over Constantinople to the aggressive autocracy of a semi-barbarous empire, within whose boundaries a host of discordant nationalities and creeds are ruthlessly oppressed and persecuted; exile to Siberia, by simple administrative measure—in the dead of night, without a moment's warning—being to this day, even under a youthful ruler, the threatening prospect to any one daring to stand up for the simplest rights of man.

No; the Crimean War was not a blunder, and not a crime! but a benefit to Europe and to Russia herself. Who that remembers the dead weight of Czar Nicholas upon Continental politics before 1848, and again after the triumph of Reaction in the early fifties, can have any doubt of this? Was not that tyrannic paragon of legitimacy, in the great year of popular upheavals, confessedly ready to saddle up and to throw his Cossacks and Kal-mucks upon central and western Europe, if only the courts of Berlin and Vienna had not so quickly yielded to the revolutionary hurricane? And did he not, when Freedom had been beaten down by despotic force, try to extend his baneful mastery to the Mediterranean? Napoleon I., who somewhat understood strategic advantages, set it down as his firm belief that the possession of Constantinople by a strong and pushing military power was apt to confer a world-dominion upon its owner. That dominion the Liberal and Democratic parties of all Europe were not ready, in 1853, to grant to the despot who, in 1825, at St. Petersburg, had waded through blood to his throne; who had "restored order at Warsaw" in 1831; and who, by marching his army into Hungary in 1849, had brought the noblest Magyar patriots to the gallows; the sur-

viving exiles finding shelter—where? ay, in Turkey!

The overthrow of Nicholas I. in the Crimean War resulted in the emancipation of the enslaved Russian peasantry, that is, of the immense mass of the population. Even as it was, that measure was only passed by Alexander II. as a means of foiling the importunate demands of the lesser nobility for a constitutional share in the country's government. The Crimean War furthermore brought about whatever slight relief was given, under that cowed successor of Nicholas I., to the shackled Russian press, and whatever changes for the better were made then in local administration. The Crimean War rendered it possible for Italy to conquer her unity and freedom. Or is it likely that, with overbearing czarism established at the Dardanelles and at the Adriatic, Deak and Garibaldi could have acted without hindrance?

Let the Russophile Epigones, who seem to be ignorant of all this, read the speeches and addresses then given forth by Mazzini, by Kossuth, by Ledru-Rollin, by a number of other German, Polish, Italian, French, and Hungarian leaders of Democracy. Truly, it was the Liberal and Republican sentiment which proved most active in that anti-Russian propaganda. Sensible Conservatives, too, saw what was necessary for European security and for the interest of civilization. The pity only was, that the Crimean War was conducted as a mere Cabinet War, thanks to the character of the statesmen who stood at the helm of affairs here, and to the tortuous policy of the author of the Paris state-stroke of December 2nd. Still, the cause of Turkey, even of Old Turkey, was, in 1853-56, the cause of Europe at large.

Not, certainly, in the sense of upholding a sultan's misrule. Yet, Young Turks of our time are perfectly right when bringing to mind that their country, even from older times, has acted more in the spirit of religious toleration than the Muscovite Empire,

and that despised Turkey generously gave shelter to champions of freedom who had to tread the hard paths of exile. But who are these Young Turks? many may ask; and what are their aims and objects? Is not theirs quite an ephemeral agitation, without any substantial background?

To such a question an answer might at once be given by a quotation from a letter to the *Times* by Sir Henry Elliot, who was ambassador at Constantinople when the Ottoman Parliament was sitting there some eighteen years ago, and who thinks that its reconvo-cation would be the only means of solving the present terrible crisis. "The sultan," he writes, "is at this moment much more afraid of the Young Turkey party than he is of the foreign powers, for he knows that there is behind it the good wishes of the bulk of his subjects, and he is endeavoring to suppress them with an iron hand."

But before going deeper into this subject, let us refresh weak memories by a few solid facts.

So far back as about thirty years ago, a movement began in Turkey which had for its aim the abolition of the arbitrary form of government; the establishment of an Ottoman Parliament; the controlling of the Exchequer by representatives of the people; and the introduction of civil and religious equality for all races and creeds. The party that worked for this object recruited itself mainly from the younger generation, especially from the learned class. Men of riper age were, however, not wanting among these aspiring reformers, though for reasons of personal safety they did not come out very much into the open. Midhat Pasha, whilst not exactly belonging to the group of "Young Turkey," still was looked upon as one of its hopes.

In religion, Midhat belonged to a Mohammedan Dissenter sect; for the "fatalist believers in the Koran," as those call them who only look at the surface, also have their sects, as all other creeds in the world have. Even the "unspeakable Turk"—to use the

mouthy phrase of Carlyle—or "the one great anti-human specimen of humanity"—as Mr. Gladstone styled a whole nation—is not proof against the march of intellect. Let it not be forgotten either, that since the days of Lord Byron, who fought in the good cause of Greece, the Turkish people, in spite of corrupt pashas, has been acknowledged by all travellers that came into contact with its masses as being possessed of some sterling qualities. As to its classes, to use another Gladstonian expression, it is a well-known fact that, among them, Mohammedan Calvinism, or fatalism, has of late been thoroughly sapped and supplanted by more enlightened thought. And even as in western Europe the "right divine of kings to govern wrong" has been disputed, with varying success, by the defenders of popular rights, so, in the world of Islam also, men were leagued together, already in the sixties, for doing away with an arbitrary and fantastic sultanate.

In the years preceding 1876, Midhat repeatedly endeavored to awaken the Porte to the necessity of representative government. These attempts were unsuccessful for some time. They only resulted in the occasional personal disgrace of their author at court, and the proscription of a number of "Young Turks." I well remember that between 1867 and 1868, a small group of such exiles living here—namely, Zia Bey, Ali Suavi, and Aghaia Effendi—published in London and Paris a journal, the *Mukhbir* (The Advertiser). It was edited under the auspices of Mustafa Fazil Pasha, the well-known statesman who contributed so much to the spread of public instruction and of Liberal ideas by sending young students and others, among them a distinguished poet, Kemal, to Paris and London. The *Mukhbir* sometimes came out with corresponding English and French texts, in which parliamentary institutions and all the other desirable reforms were fully advocated.

Having recently made inquiries as to

the fate of those early pioneers, I learn from Ahmed Riza, one of the most distinguished Young Turkish leaders, that "Zia, Suavi, Kemal, and others, died in exile, or disappeared in some unknown manner." It is not an unusual fate with the forerunners of a nation's regeneration.

Passing over subsequent signs of such earlier political activity, it may be enough to say that the Softa risings at Constantinople, in 1876, finally achieved a signal triumph. It was a popular movement, officered by Turkish students and teachers, and supported by the better educated class of Mohammedans in general. It brought about, in December of that year, the convocation of a National Assembly and the proclamation of civil and religious equality for all races and religions. This was the outcome of an agitation begun so many years before—an agitation the czar's agents had watched with a jealousy easily understood in the light of a well-known Russian state maxim, as cynically avowed in the famous despatch of Pozzo di Borgo.

That state maxim may shortly be described thus: "Denounce Turkish misrule, so as to get up a prospective pretext for war in the alleged interest of the Christian Rayah. But when the sultan and the Porte make an earnest attempt at a reform, attack them at once, lest Turkey should really mend herself and thus effectively bar the way of Russia to Constantinople." Here is a proof of this Macchiavellian policy. Pozzo di Borgo, the ambassador of Czar Nicholas, at Paris, writing in the first year of the war of 1828-29, begins his despatch by stating that when the imperial government examined the question whether it had become expedient to take up arms against the Porte, there might have existed some doubts as to the urgency of the measure in the eyes of those who had not sufficiently reflected upon the effects of the reforms which the chief of the Ottoman Empire had just executed with such tremendous violence. But

when it was seen that "these reforms would have the effect of consolidating the Ottoman Empire," the Russian government could hesitate no longer.

Then Count Pozzo di Borgo goes on in this edifying wise:—

The Emperor (Nicholas I.) has put the Turkish system to the proof, and his Majesty has found it to possess a commencement of physical and moral organization which hitherto it had not. If the sultan was able to offer us a most formidable and regular resistance when he had scarcely yet assembled together the elements of his new plan of reforms and ameliorations, how formidable should we have found him had he had time to give it more solidity, and to make that barrier impenetrable which we found so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done so little to assist nature! Things being in this state, we must congratulate ourselves upon having attacked them before they became dangerous for us; for delay would only have rendered our relative situation worse, and prepared us greater obstacles than those we met with.

This valuable avowal is the clue of Russia's procedures. She wants to work her way towards and into Constantinople. Therefore, she is afraid of Turkish reforms, and cuts across them with the sword as soon as they are seriously begun. All the while she has often posed before Europe as the champion of Christianity in the East. When it suits, however, the government of St. Petersburg, it will even take the sultan under its wings for a time, and denounce the Armenians, as did another Russian ambassador in our days, M. Nelldoff, by the curious letter written to the Armenian Patriarch, at the behest of another Emperor Nicholas, the second of that name. Verily, the hypocrisy of czardom on the public stage is only matched by its cynicism behind, nay, occasionally even upon, the scenes.

The way in which Czar Alexander II. looked upon the constitutional movement at Constantinople in 1876-77, may be seen from a despatch of

Mr. Layard to the Earl of Derby. He wrote:—

A Russian gentleman observed, to me: "Russia looks upon the establishment of a Constitution and a Parliament by the Turkish government as an insult and a defiance to her. Their existence would alone furnish us with a sufficient reason to make war upon Turkey. We will never consent to be the only power left in Europe without constitutional institutions; and, as we are not prepared for them, we cannot, it is evident, allow Turkey to have them."

All comment is superfluous. It is the old Russian state maxim. However, the Young Turkish party succeeded in obtaining a parliamentary representation of the empire. Abdul Hamid, then a man of thirty-four, seeing danger around him from without and from within, was himself at last so impressed with the desirability of that great reform, that, both by edicts and by speech, he committed himself in its favor in the strongest manner imaginable. These things being too much forgotten, it will be useful to recall them in a few words.

In a memorable rescript, brought to recollection by a recent pamphlet of Yden Bulur, a member of the Young Turkish party,¹ the young sultan declared, in 1876, that the gradual decline of the empire was to be attributed to existing administrative disorders. Invoking, "on this happy day" of the proclamation of a charter, the memory of his father, whom he called the Regenerator of the Empire, Abdul Hamid II. added that, without doubt, if his sire had lived longer, a constitutional era would have been inaugurated under him. Providence, however, had reserved for him (the son) the task of accomplishing this fortunate transformation, which is the highest guarantee of the welfare of his subjects. For this, Abdul Hamid expressed his thanks to Heaven. The sultan went on to speak of "the abuses which are

the result of the arbitrary domination of one or of some individuals." He then enumerated the principles of the new charter, which comprised the responsibility of ministers, the parliamentary rights of control, the independence of the Courts of Justice, the equilibrium of the Budget. All this, he asserted, was in conformity with the doctrines of the Mohammedan religion.

In a later speech, Abdul Hamid explained to Parliament the causes of the country's recent decline. He added: "If we have not reached the level of the progress achieved in the civilized world, the cause is to be sought in the instability of the institutions which are necessary to the State, and of the laws and regulations that are their outcome. That instability is produced by the fact of everything having hitherto been the work of an absolutist government which ignored the salutary principle of a deliberation in common." And again, in a later speech, Abdul Hamid said: "The welfare of the empire wholly lies in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

No wonder, the Young Turks of today take their stand on these binding declarations. They point out that, "When the Ottoman Parliament was prorogued, it was declared both in the Decree of Prorogation and in a communication made to the ambassadors, that *Parliament would be convoked anew after the conclusion of peace.*" The Young Turkish party, speaking in the name of the country, possess in these pledges of the sultan a very solid legal ground for their demands.

A short description of the organization and the chief leaders of that party will here be in its place.

There are a number of committees of progressive men of various blood, speech, and creed: Turks, Armenians, Syrians, and others. They are located at Cairo, in Bulgaria, in Macedonia, at Smyrna, Beirut, Trapezunt, in the Archipelago, in Tripolis, as well as in France and England. Many of them

¹ Affaires d'Orient. Réponse au *New York Herald* et à Mahmud Nedim Bey, Ambassadeur de Turquie à Vienne. Paris: September, 1896.

agitate by means of publications in Turkish, in Arabic, and in French, which find their way into the sultan's dominions, as did formerly those of Italian, French, German, Hungarian and other exiles into their respective countries. At Paris, there is "The Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress," and the "Turco-Syrian Reform Committee;" the one headed by Ahmed Riza, the other by the Emir Emin Arslan.

Ahmed Riza, the son of an ex-minister, has, as a youth, made extensive and brilliant studies in Paris, travelled in Europe, and occupied afterwards a position at the University of Constantinople and in the department of Public Instruction. He is characterized as being of scholarly habits. He now, as an exile, publishes the *Mechevet* (The Consultation), both in his native language and in French. It is a paper written with much moderation, in an almost academic tone, and in a patriotic spirit. Nevertheless, a few months ago, Ahmed Riza was in danger of being expelled from Republican France. At least, he was "invited," at the Prefecture of Police, "to leave the country for a time," in which case he was even offered a thousand francs, "or more, if necessary," as travelling money.

The French government being the ally of the czar, and the czar having, for the nonce, constituted himself protector of the sultan, it seems the zeal of the French Prefecture of Police went in this case somewhat beyond the bounds of its own competence. In the end, Ahmed Riza was personally left undisturbed; mainly owing, it seems, to the timely outcry of the better portion of the French press. Yet the Turkish edition of his paper was forbidden to be published in France, by government decree, resolved upon in the Council of Ministers,¹ on the ground—which Ahmed Riza declares to be utterly baseless—of the Turkish text being more strongly worded than the French one. The Turkish edition

has, therefore, to be issued now at Geneva. Such is liberty under the Phrygian cap allied to the knout.

Another of the most prominent men of the "Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress" is Murad Bey. Born in Russia, where he made his first studies, he came to Constantinople in early youth, where he passed some years with Rushdi Pasha, the grand vizier. Having become a translator at the Foreign Office, and then a professor of history, Murad founded a paper, the *Mizan* (The Balance), which was several times suspended. When appointed commissioner of the Ottoman public debt, he gave up that journal. Later on, he resided for eight months at Paris, and again worked for the cause of reform—as readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may remember from remarkable letters of his that appeared in its columns. He is now gone back to Cairo, where he once more publishes the *Mizan*.

Another writer of importance is Halil Ganem, a Syrian member of the Parliament of 1877-78. He formerly edited, at Geneva, a paper called *The Crescent* (Hilal), and afterwards became the founder of *La Jeune Turquie*, another progressist organ, which I have before me, in bi-lingual form—Arabic and French. For some years, I am informed, Halil Ganem was a contributor to one of the best Paris papers; but that journal having taken sides with the sultan's government and a financial syndicate, he had to give up the connection, and is now one of the writers of the *Mechevet*.

Then the Emir Emin Arslan is to be mentioned, who is at the head of the Turco-Syrian Reform Committee, and is connected with *La Jeune Turquie*. He is described as a young, highly intelligent man, the scion of a noble Druse family of the Lebanon. From him, and from Ahmed Riza, as well as from Selim Faris Effendi, who lives in London. I have recently had highly interesting communications.

In England, the latter is foremost among advanced Liberal Turks. His

¹ *Journal Official*, of April 12th, 1896.

father is a celebrated man of great erudition in Arabic, and of considerable reputation as a writer. Selim Faris edits the *Hurriet* (Liberty), under the pen-name of Djioanpire, which was originally conferred upon him by the sultan Abdul Hamid, at a time when there was no feud between them. He is in relations with the "Committee of Mussulman Patriots" at Constantinople, who, some months ago, addressed an Open Letter, published in pamphlet form, to Lord Salisbury. In this publication, whilst attacking the sultan in the bitterest language, the Mussulman patriots warmly defend their nation against the charge of fanaticism, by means of striking references to the Greek War of Liberation, to the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-78, and to the more recent terrible occurrences.

All these men, and those who act with them, claim the restoration of the suppressed Ottoman Parliament. Whilst I am writing this, I see that two new journals have just appeared; one in French, called *L'Avenir*, edited at Athens by Mr. Dagues; the other in Turkish, at Geneva, under the title of *Hakikat* (Truth), by Munif Bey, which supports the principles of the *Mechveret*. Nor would it be right to forget mentioning, among those who aid the Young Turkish party, the daughter of Mustafa Fazyl Pasha, Princess Nazli. She is described, in Ahmed Riza's organ, as an accomplished lady, who speaks, not only Turkish and Arabic, but also English and French, with perfect correctness. She was present at a recent meeting of the Young Turkish committee at Paris, together with Vassif Efendi, the secretary and councillor of the late Midhat Pasha. On that occasion Vassif made an impressive speech in favor of the restoration of the constitution. Afterwards, Princess Nazli addressed a firmly worded letter to the sultan.

Now, what are the main points of the 119 articles of that Charter, as published with the sultan's sign manual

on December 23rd, 1876, in a Turkish and French text?

Sir Henry Elliot, who represented England at the Porte in those critical days, and was associated with Lord Salisbury as joint plenipotentiary at the conference of the great powers held at Constantinople in 1876-77, expresses, in the letter to the *Times*, his "sympathies and good wishes with those who were striving to free themselves from an odious, despotic form of government." He says that he had had no hesitation in giving a cordial approval to the principles of the Constitution which Midhat had drawn up. When it was promulgated, it "was received with absolutely unanimous acclamation by all the Christians, Greeks—or Armenians—who saw in it the dawn of better days, as also by the educated and better class of Turks, Softas, and others; but it was regarded with unqualified aversion by the palace sycophants and the corrupt official pashas and their followers, who trembled for the abuses on which they had so long fattened." Sir Henry states that this Charter, as originally drafted by Midhat, contained even more efficient guarantees than the act finally accepted by the sultan. Yet, even in the weakened form in which it was published and carried out, it was of a character which must have made liberal Russians sigh for a similar boon.

Freedom of the press; equality before the law; admission of all citizens, irrespective of race and creed, to the various public employments; liberty in matters of public instruction for all denominations; obligatory popular instruction; an equal imposition of taxes in accordance with the amount of property; free exercise of every religious cult; abolition of torture and of confiscation of property; such were some of the general principles. In the place of the despotic sultanate, parliamentary government was introduced. All the populations of the empire, without discrimination of origin or confession of faith, were henceforth to be treated as Osmanli, or full citizens.

The sultan, while remaining the Protector or Defender of the State religion, was to be surrounded by responsible ministers. His person was to be inviolable, because "he could do no wrong," as the constitutional expression is in European parlance. He only retained the privileges usually attributed to a constitutional ruler. The sultan's power was to be strictly circumscribed by Parliament.

Parliament consisted of a Senate and a House of Deputies. Every fifty thousand male citizens were to elect a member to the House of Commons. The vote was to be by ballot. Every deputy was regarded as representing not merely his constituency, but the nation at large. There was to be payment of members of both Houses. The sittings of the House of Commons were public. No member could be arrested or prosecuted during a session without the consent of the Chamber. One half of the deputies, *plus* one, formed a quorum. The initiative in bringing in bills belonged both to ministers and to private members. The budget was to be fixed every year by the House of Commons. In case of an adverse vote, the sultan had to change the Cabinet or to dissolve Parliament. The House of Commons had the right of bringing ministers to trial before the High Court of Justice. A minister thus charged was in the mean time suspended. Judges were irremovable; the procedures of all tribunals were public. Whilst the unity of the empire was upheld, there was to be decentralization in local government. In the provinces, the districts, and the cantons, special councils had to be formed on the elective principle.

On the basis of this charter, Turks and Armenians, Bulgars, Greeks, Albanese, Syrians, Arabs, Mohammedans, Greco-Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Christians, Protestants, and Jews, met as a National Assembly in the capital. This first Ottoman Legislature, which came together after the dethronement of a sovereign and in consequence of popular risings, at

once showed a spirit of Liberalism and of determined opposition, which did great credit to so young an Assembly. It was all the more promising because a number of its members had been nominated under government influence. Even this did not prevent them from making a stand in Parliament in the proper sense.

Having carefully gone, in 1877-78, through the whole of the debates in the French text of the Constantinople press, I was astonished to learn afterwards, from men conversant with the Turkish language, who had repeatedly been present at the sittings, that the reports of these lively discussions had been considerably toned down in the official version. If such was the spirit of legislators hastily brought together in a transitionary state of things, what might not have been expected from men chosen on that freer law of suffrage which the Assembly itself afterwards enacted?

Sir Henry Layard has recorded his appreciative testimony in honor of that Parliament which had two sessions—Chamber and Senate; the last time, in 1878, during three months. So has Sir H. Elliot. The latter rightly remarks that "it is, unfortunately, impossible altogether to exonerate this country from having contributed to bring about its collapse." It might, indeed, have been expected that a great Liberal leader, who prided himself on being "an old Parliamentary hand," would readily have supported a movement of such good augury. But in reality nothing could have been more unwelcome to him than the practical demonstration of the readiness even of "the Turk" for working out an internal reform. Hence those around Mr. Gladstone gave the signal for ridiculing such laudable aspirations, and continued to invoke the blessings of the Cossack lance upon the wretched Mohammedan.

So the "Divine Figure from the North" marched in amidst the plaudits of professed Liberals, who had sneered at the attempts of Young Turks to re-

generate their country on the lines of Western progressive ideas. The last days of the Ottoman Parliament were of a stormy kind. Midhat, to whom the hangers-on at court bore a deep grudge, having been exiled by the sultan, the representatives of the people asked for his recall, both on account of the war then going on and because Parliament felt itself threatened. This question about Midhat, and the one about the budget, created a hostile stir at the palace. It was then that Halil Ganem declared that the sultan, having granted the Charter, had no right to withdraw the rights of Parliament founded thereon. The deputies of Smyrna, of Konia, of Palestine, and Albania, expressed themselves in similar terms.

A few days afterwards Parliament was suddenly prorogued. The Grand Duke Nicholas having arrived with his troops in close vicinity of Constantinople, and being thus able to hold a bayonet to the throat of the Turkish government and Parliament, Alexander II., no doubt, felt greatly relieved. The fact is, had the Russian army been defeated at Plevna, and the Autocrat been forced to retreat, he would have found the draft for a Constitution presented to him upon the bayonets of a National Guard in his own holy city of Moscow. Such was the well-known public sentiment at that time, even in Russia. Would it not have been an excellent cry for her Liberals: "Let us have parliamentary government as in Turkey?" What possibilities there were, therefore, both for Turkish and Russian reform, had that fuller action of England been resolved upon in proper time, which Disraeli once seemed to have at heart, but in which he was foiled by members of his own Cabinet, notably by Lord Derby!

And are we to forget how Mr. Gladstone acted a short few years afterwards, when there was a second attempt of a Mohammedan people to achieve a parliamentary transformation—namely, in Egypt: an attempt

which had the publicly declared sympathy and good-will of the heads of the Christian and Jewish communities of that country. Are we to forget the sudden, lawless, secretly plotted bombardment of Alexandria, by which some of Mr. Gladstone's own colleagues in the Cabinet were surprised, so that John Bright, the Liberal leader next in importance, went out with the declaration, that the act in question was "a violation of international and moral law"?

I am not one of those who would deny the good done by England in Egypt since then, or who like to see her influence there supplanted by that of another, less steady power. Out of evil good may sometimes come. As, for instance, in Bulgaria, which the Northern Autocrat had only "freed" for the purpose of making her a Minor Russia, an appanage of his own crown, and so getting close to Constantinople. Fortunately those designs were met by a proper spirit of independence among the majority of the Bulgars—a spirit which, it is true, has of late shown signs of faltering, at least in high quarters.

However, in judging the action of the statesman who overthrew Arabi Pasha—that is, the Midhat of Egypt—we have to take note of his own manifest motives and objects. They are evidently to be found in the wish to prevent the peaceful parliamentary regeneration of Mohammedan races in the East, so as to be able again triumphantly to uphold the strangely philanthropic doctrine of "the one great anti-human specimen of humanity." This is the crusading animus, not the action of a true Liberal leader. Instead of saying a good word for the revival of parliamentary rights, Mr. Gladstone has no other remedy to recommend—in quite a recent letter sent to New York—than a prophecy about "the downfall of that crying iniquity known as the Turkish Empire." How if he had been reminded by a member of the hated anti-human race that there are Irish Home Rulers and Se-

cessionists who, in "United Ireland," speak of England, on account of her rule in the sister Isle and her many polyglot dominions, as "the Anglo-Saxon Grand Turk."

Eighteen years have passed since the Ottoman Parliament was prorogued. Some of its members were at that time exiled, the others sent back to their home. But the younger generation of Turkish Liberals still take their stand on the legal existence of the Constitution and the formal pledge of Abdul Hamid that Parliament would be reconvoked after the conclusion of peace with Russia. Strange to say, in November last year, there seemed to be a chance, for a few days, of such an event taking place. Bits of news came from Constantinople, telling of political shocks and counter-shocks in the highest governmental spheres, with that rapidity which is the mark of times of deep commotion or actual revolution. First it was stated, from usually well-informed sources, that, after Kiamil Pasha had been raised to the vizierate, "an official communication had been made to the Turkish papers of the sultan's intention either to promulgate a new Constitution, or to rescind the decree which had placed Midhat Pasha's constitution concerning the representative Chamber in abeyance." Shortly before this communication could be published in the journals, however, a counter-order came, forbidding its insertion.

Immediately afterwards, the very next day, Kiamil fell, and was virtually exiled. Then came a report that he had been deposed, and practically proscribed because he had made a representation to the palace that henceforth "the dominant influence ought to be with the ministers at the Porte rather than at the palace." Assuming that the main points of these statements were correct—on which I am not able to pronounce an opinion—we should have to conclude that an attempt at a reintroduction of Parliamentary institutions was nipped in the bud. At any rate, there must have

been some endeavor to make the Porte—that is, the ministry, as distinguished from the Palace or Yildiz Kiosk—the real governing power.

It stands to reason that a reform of the empire from within would be facilitated by the co-operation of enlightened Turks and of Armenians, the terrible sufferings of which latter have given rise to deep sympathy throughout Europe. Any one conversant with the inner working of the Young Turkish and Armenian movements, is aware that there has been full willingness among progressive Mussulmans to combine forces with their Christian compatriots for the overthrow of irresponsible rule. That friendly spirit has been proved on several occasions—for instance, when, by the aid of the Turco-Syrian Reform Committee, a young Armenian revolutionist, Bedros Donabedian, was recently rescued, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Cheflik Bey, a near relation of the Turkish minister of war, who both had been exiled to Acre. Turks and Armenians went hand in hand in 1877-78. The right thing for them would be, to do so now.

Unfortunately, the eccentric and rather mysterious irruption of Armenians into the Ottoman Bank of Constantinople, when dynamite bombs were indiscriminately used against innocent passers-by, and frightful reprisals took place by bands of Turkish cudgel-men, has not been calculated to facilitate the desirable co-operation. The revelations which were afterwards made by participators in the senseless deed, could not but have a bad effect. The band of strange heroes was utterly unknown to the Armenians in Turkey, and officered by men who had come from Russia. Two of their leaders, when interviewed at Geneva, laughingly declared that the man who had proposed the irruption into the Ottoman Bank—on which occasion he perished—had also proposed "to burn the whole of Stamboul, which is all in wood." "It is even an easier thing," they said, "than to take the

Ottoman Bank. Oh, yes, a thousand times more easy!"

No wonder, progressive and patriotic Turks stand aghast at such deeds and such threats. There have been strong utterances on that subject by Young Turkish leaders. "Insensate tentatives" was one of the mildest terms used. I will not enter here on a description of the various revolutionary party-groups existing among the American agitators—such as "Hentchakists," "Drochakists," and others, or of those that proceed on the lines of reform, among whose most zealous workers is Mr. Hagopian. Be it enough to say, that in *L'Armenie*, an ably conducted paper appearing in London under the direction of Professor Minas Teheraz, an ex-delegate at the Berlin Congress, the following appeared after the ghastly occurrences at Constantinople: "If the Hentchakists and Drochakists continue their mad enterprises, there will remain in Turkey very few Armenians who could profit some day by the introduction of reforms."

The writings and the talk in this country about the necessity of a "Crusade," a "Partition of Turkey," or the introduction of a "European Protectorate or Commission"—the latter idea being favored by some of the more moderate Armenians—have also done much mischief. In the *Mechveret*, Halil Ganem energetically protests against the scheme of a Protectorate or European Commission. He says:—

We want our country to maintain its independence, its full independence. The Ottoman people, which is henceforth to direct its own destiny, shall not be loaded with chains, nor drag a ball along its feet. We do not mean to escape from the despotism of the dreary monarch who rules over us, for the purpose of submitting to an even more intolerable despotism. If we must perish, we will perish rather than submit to such a yoke, which would dishonor without saving us.

Of this proud patriotic spirit which is common to Liberal as well as to Conservative Turks, European politi-

cians should take heed. There are some among us, no doubt, who would drench the East, and, if need be, the whole continent, in a sea of blood, for the sake of starting a crusade, of which afterwards they would wash their hands, taking their customary cups of tea with a satisfied conscience. That is not the way to do any good. Turkey, like the neighboring free Magyar realm, is a land of many races and tongues, curiously intermixed and overlapping each other. That is the reason why in Hungary there is such great apprehension lest a sudden overthrow of the Ottoman Empire should banefully react upon her own similarly complicated state edifice. The historical events of times long past, which have produced these ineradicable difficulties, cannot be undone by talk. An attempt to reverse them by force would lead to a general war among rival nations, which would devastate Europe.

Let those who still care for the upholding of England's truly beneficent rule in India, cast a glance at the book written by order of the present czar on his travels in the East, and then ask themselves whether it would be wise to break up an empire which for centuries has been a stumbling-block in the path of Muscovite aggression.¹ This may be decried as a selfish national consideration by enemies of England; but it is in truth a weighty con-

¹ "We are exceedingly popular all over the country (India) and its inhabitants, therefore, gather with natural curiosity along the path of his Imperial Highness. On our return to Europe most of us will doubtless be asked the somewhat strange and idle question, Whether the Russians are liked and expected beyond the Himalayas, as if any appropriate answer could be found for it. . . . The author of 'Our Difficulties and Wants' (and not he alone) questioned us indirectly about our empire, and about the state of affairs in Russian Central Asia. Outwardly every native, educated and developed on European lines, is devoted to government and to Liberal England, and is ready to speak *urbi et orbi*, of the benefits she has conferred on the inhabitants of Asia; but who can say, who can even guess, what may lie hidden in the hearts of these Orientals—whether they may not, with heart-felt hatred, consider as a burden the law they are forced to accept, the strict and systematic rule, and the destruction of

sideration from the point of view of general progress and culture. As to the manner in which a change for the better can be wrought at Constantinople, it is clear that sensible and energetic men of Turkish, Armenian, and other races are bound to work together on the basis both of parliamentary reform and of the country's independence. With regard to the proper attitude for England, I think I cannot do better than to quote some passages from what Sir H. Elliot has written to the *Times*:—

Our business, as a free people ourselves, is to give every encouragement to the Reformers who are striving to become so. This obviously cannot be done by our government, wherever its sympathies may lie; but the Turkish people may speak out, and if those who attend the meetings that are taking place throughout the country, instead of being satisfied with denunciations of the horrors that have been perpetrated, were to show that every effort to put an end to the system under which they occurred would be gladly welcomed in this country, it would afford immense encouragement to the reforming party from which alone any good result is to be hoped for.

To this I would only add that the English government is by no means debarred from speaking out in the same sense. There have been cases when even a czar of Russia, during the late Polish rising, was made the recipient of "Six Points," to which, it is true, as the head of an utterly unreforming power, he paid little attention. On his part the sultan, who has certainly a difficult game to play among his Mussulman subjects when one-sided reforms, in the sole interest of some Christian race, are pressed upon him by foreign powers, might be made amenable, after all, to the fulfilment of the pledge he gave when proroguing

Parliament in 1878—a Parliament the necessity of which he himself so loudly proclaimed. To urge that duty upon him would be worthier of England's fame as a free nation, than to invite the Cossack to Constantinople, or to aid in bringing about a state of things which would convert the Continent into shambles.

KARL BLIND.

From Blackwood's Magazine,
THE MAN AT AMNAT.

Many a curious episode of travel has been left unrecorded from the fear that the public may fail to believe in events which in their ordinary lives would seem impossible. Yet, what I have to write here is truth and not fiction, let the judgment be what it will. I have of course altered the names of the place and the principal actor in the scenes I am about to describe, for I have not his permission to publish the facts of the case.

I am sure that I will be forgiven if I wander from my story for a moment or two to explain how it was I came to know anything about the events in question. I had been prospecting in a hazy sort of way for precious metals, though if I had chanced to find them—which I did not—there would have been little probability that the concessions for working them would have been forthcoming. My travels had led me far afield from the ordinary path of travellers, into a wild and inhospitable region, to all intents and purposes a howling desert. Summer was over and a few of the first showers of autumn had fallen, and the cool weather seemed about to commence. But all my hopes and expectations for a fall in the thermometer were disappointed, and the temperature once more reached its high summer record. My mules and horses were tired out, and my men weary of marching, so I decided to strike away across country some seventy miles to the little town of Amnat, where not

some of the fundamental traces of their ancient civilization?" (*Travels in the East of Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, when Czarevitch. 1890-91.* Written by order of his Imperial Majesty, by Prince E. Oukhtomsky; translated by Robert Goodlet; edited by Sir George Birdwood, London, 1896.)

only would I be able to replenish my stable and my stores, but also obtain a welcome glimpse of a European; for on leaving the coast I had been informed that a representative of one of the firms trading with the country in question resided there. I had made further inquiries about him, and learned that he was an ill-paid clerk, who had volunteered to exile himself to this far-away spot, where from year's end to year's end he probably never saw another European. The sum he received annually for this sacrifice seemed pitifully small, but the merchant excused himself for paying more on the grounds that the trade with that district was very insignificant. What had tempted the young fellow to go was no doubt the fact that, small as his salary was, it was nearly double what he had been drawing previously.

As one evening, after a hot, weary march, the flat-roofed white houses of Amnat appeared shimmering over the hot sand some three or four miles ahead, I called to mind all these facts, and decided that I would seek some means of repaying the Englishman any hospitality he might show me. I rode into the town a little ahead of my caravan, and, guided by a native, drew rein and dismounted at a large doorway opening into a yard, surrounded on all sides by a colonnade. All that I gathered at my first glimpse was this paved court, piled with bales of local produce, and a group of natives squatting in a semicircle on the ground, one and all talking volubly. Giving my horse to a man to hold, I entered, and as I did so I saw a young man rise from the group of natives and move toward me. His appearance, I confess, was not at first sight very prepossessing. Dressed in a rather dirty suit of white cotton clothes, with a limp, shady hat on his head, he did not cut a striking figure; nor was his appearance improved by a stubbly red beard of perhaps a week's growth, and untidy, ill-kempt hair. Nevertheless he was a European, and as such a most welcome sight.

We quickly introduced ourselves one to the other, and I sat down on one of

the bales while he paid off the workmen for the night. When the last had gone we strolled together through the streets of the little town, with its mud-built houses and thatched bazaar, to the residence of my host, for he had insisted that during my stay I should "put up" with him, which I was willing enough to do. A man was despatched to lead the caravan to its destination, and an hour or two later I found myself comfortably ensconced, enjoying the luxury of a real hot bath, with tea and buttered toast to follow.

Everything was simple enough in the house, which in reality consisted only of a small courtyard with three rooms leading off it, one on each of its sides, and a kitchen and room for the native servants besides. But it was clean and tidily kept, though scantily furnished, principally with local wares, the tables and chairs having, my host told me, been put together by himself during his spare time. Between the united endeavors of his cook and mine we obtained a very decent dinner, with some quite palatable native wine to add zest to the little feast. While I was employed in bathing and changing my travel-stained clothes my host shaved and did likewise, so that he presented a very much more respectable appearance than he had previously done.

I sat opposite him at the small round table, and did not fail to remark his every feature and his manner, for I felt a strange interest in a man who had voluntarily exiled himself from all the fellow-beings with whom he could have anything in common, and taken up his residence in practically one of the most outlandish quarters of the world. H—, for such I will style him, was a man of perhaps rather above thirty years of age, with a face that looked if anything younger. Small in stature and delicately made, he was the very opposite of what I had pictured him on my journey; for it had struck me that none but a man sure of his own strength and power would venture to live in such a spot, where any day he might be attacked. But such was not the case; and H— not only bore every sign of pos-

sessing no bodily strength worth speaking of, but his manner also was soft and gentle, as was his voice. In spite of the climate in which he resided he was scarcely sunburnt at all, though his fair skin was plentifully sprinkled over with freckles. His light eyes, with their yellow lashes, seemed particularly ill-suited to the glare of such regions, and the slightly red-tinged rims clearly told that they were not. His expression was decidedly a pleasing one—though he seemed all through dinner, and even for a day or two, by no means at his ease with me; and he was constantly apologizing for his neglect as a host, whereas, in fact, I could see that he was worrying himself to discover how he could add to my comfort in every direction. He allowed me to do most of the talking for the first two or three days; but after that he became more communicative, though his ideas seemed narrow and his knowledge of the country far less than one would expect to discover in the sole European resident of the place, where, too, he had resided for some seven years. I had been employing the spare moments of my journey in writing a voluminous diary, and I had looked forward to meeting H— in the hopes of his being able to give me a quantity of information regarding the religion and customs of the various tribes. It did not take long, however, for me to come to the opinion that he cared but little for these questions, and seemed extraordinarily void of information. Yet I could not help realizing that if his ignorance was as great as he pretended, he must almost pass through the streets with his eyes closed, for to my questions regarding the every-day religious life of the people he returned no answer, professing entire ignorance. So keen was I to fill in the gaps that were wanting in my chapter on the native habits and customs, that I pressed my interrogations perhaps further than I ought to have done without a chance of wearying my host. At last one evening we were seated in the open courtyard of the house, and once again I reverted to the question. It was once too often, for

H—, in spite of his mild looks and nervous, shy manner, lost his temper.

"Enough," he said, "of your questions. I am delighted to see you here, and to have you stay as long as you like, but if you continue harping upon that one subject I shall find means of making you go. You see I am angry. You have made me lose control of my temper, and I am infernally rude. Forgive me, but at the same time promise me to ask no more questions about the religion of these people. Enough that it is revolting, and that the very subject horrifies me."

For a moment I was inclined to be extremely annoyed with H—'s brusque manner, but one look at his face proved that he was in real earnest, and that his thoughts were running far greater riot with him than his words. He was seated in the doorway of his own bedroom, his chair half in the room and half in the courtyard, and while he spoke to me he kept his head turned to one side, and his eyes were fixed apparently on some object in his own room. His manner was altogether so strange that it quite shocked me for a moment, but I held enough restraint over my temper to apologize for worrying him and to promise to do so no more.

The incident, however, upset me. I saw clearly enough that my visit was a pleasure to H— except for this one point, and I had no intention of going away. Mules and horses were difficult to procure, and I had decided to rest until my own were refreshed instead of buying new ones, and I know that H— was glad enough to have me meanwhile. What, then, meant this strange dislike he had to converse on a subject of which he *must*, willingly or unwillingly, know a great deal? No man could live for seven years alone with natives, pick up their language and speak it with the facility of the people themselves, and yet remain in ignorance as to their religious customs and ideas. I remember lying awake a long time that night thinking over the matter, and trying to fathom H—'s reluctance to even hear the subject mentioned, but

all to no avail. For a moment I thought I had guessed it, and wondered whether he himself was writing upon the subject, and jealous of my researches into the question. But I put aside this theory quickly enough, for surely instead of losing his temper he would have told me that such was the case, or else laughingly asked if I expected him to give me the information he had been working for years to collect. But no; he had simply lost control of himself, and forbidden the question being put to him any more, or the subject mentioned, and had expressed himself in words that, to say the least of it, were rough.

But if he was reticent upon this subject he was not so as to his own personal affairs, and after the strangeness of new acquaintance had worn off he confided in me his hopes and ideas for the future. He was engaged to be married, and his bride was even then on her way out. On her arrival at the coast she would be married to him by proxy; and the morning following the strange marriage service, at which the bridegroom would be represented by a deputy, she was to leave on the long journey to Amnat, some sixteen days' travelling by caravan. Already he had sent his two most trustworthy men and a good mule down to the coast, with tents, etc., in order to escort her on her journey. So full was H— of his bride's arrival that he easily obtained a promise from me to remain until then as his guest, and help him to prepare the house against her coming.

At such times as these it was a real pleasure to witness the happiness of my host, whose seven long years of labor were to be crowned with their reward; for it was for the sake of this girl in England that he had suffered his long exile, to save money so that when at last she came there could be something to start house on. And now, after their long waiting, the goal was within reach. But in spite of the high spirits in which H— generally indulged, every now and then it was clear that he suffered from reaction, and, strive hard as he did not to show it, I could per-

ceive that he was under the influence at times of melancholy. He would go to his own room, and I could hear him double lock the door on the inside, and there he would remain for hours together. Even when we sat in the courtyard, on to which the room opened, he always guarded his doorway with his chair, which he could push back sufficiently far to be able to see within the room; and often he would turn suddenly and look in, then glance at myself to see if I had noticed his action. Several times I had been on the point of asking him what he was looking at so anxiously, but remembered, in time to check myself, the manner in which he had treated my other question. So I remained in silence, but was puzzled nevertheless.

One evening we were sitting talking thus, and he was telling me what arrangements he was going to make to render his house more suitable for his wife, when he ceased speaking suddenly, breaking off in the middle of a sentence.

"Did you hear it?" he asked suddenly.

"What?" I questioned.

"It," he replied, his eyes gazing into his room.

"I heard nothing," I continued, "except the wind."

"Sometimes it cries," he said, without moving, his voice sounding far away and hollow.

Then suddenly he pulled himself together with a start.

"The house is full of rats," he ejaculated.

But I was not satisfied with this explanation, for only the night before he had told me that there wasn't a single rat in the place.

H— was called off for a considerable part of the day to his work in the caravanserai where I had first found him, and thus I was left a good deal alone, and perhaps on this account brooded more over the many little strange characteristics that I had noticed in my host. His alternate high spirits and fits of melancholy puzzled me. True, he never let me see much of these

latter, but would retire to his room with the excuse of a headache, and having locked the door would not reappear for hours. He seemed, however, to recover somewhat as the time approached for his bride's arrival, and we began to put the house in order. The carpenter—a native, of course—was called in, and repaired the door and windows. The walls were freshly whitewashed, and a few pictures and ornaments, collected against this day and carefully packed away in a box, were brought out. It was when we were getting ready the bedroom that I first noticed a peculiar article of furniture that had escaped my notice before. H— had gone to his work, and I had taken the opportunity to paint the panels of the door and the window-frames, a work that amused me and helped to pass the time. I had just finished when I noticed that a curtain drawn across a corner of the room was not fully closed, and instead of the wash-hand-stand I had expected to see behind it there was something else. Curiosity tempted me to push aside the curtain. The corner was completely taken up by what is known as a corner-cupboard, a tall black box, fitting into the angle of the wall, and strongly barred and padlocked. There was nothing very unusual about it, except its sombre coloring, and the first thought that struck me was that probably it was here that H— kept his money, until I remembered that in the living-room of the house was a safe, in which I had seen him deposit coin. What, then, was in the cupboard, so strongly barred, bolted, and padlocked? My thoughts were prevented from further searching for the answer by the appearance of H— himself, standing in the doorway watching me. I was half ashamed that my curiosity had led me to look behind the curtain, but the tin of paint and the brush, both still in my hand, gave the reason of my being in his room. I did not notice him particularly, merely realizing that he was there.

"Whatever you have in here," I said laughingly, pointing to the cupboard, "you keep it secure."

"Yet in spite of that it gets out," he replied.

I turned, startled by his strange answer, and stared in astonishment, almost in horror, at H—. His face was pale as a sheet, his light eyes apparently gazing through the casing of the cupboard into what lay within. His lips, almost blue in color, opened and closed, trembling with fear, and I almost imagined that the hair of his head was standing out with terror. I stepped up to him quickly and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Why, old man, what's the matter?"

He shuddered once, then turned quickly toward me, made a great effort, and recovered his composure, though still pale and haggard.

"Nothing," he replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile; "only the sun—I think—heat—you know—" and he fainted.

I called one of the native servants to aid me, and together we lifted him on to his bed, and chafed his hands and feet, and bathed his temples; but it was some time before we could bring him round again, and when at last we succeeded he prayed to be left alone. Out in the courtyard I took the servant aside and led him into the living-room. The man spoke English fluently, having come with H— from the coast, where he had been in the employ of a merchant firm. I plied him with questions as to his master's health, for I was now really alarmed, but could gain little but half-hearted answers, until a bribe loosened the fellow's tongue. There is no need to tell here all he narrated, suffice it to say that his story was briefly as follows:—

H— had brought the man in question with him from the coast and as he spoke English fluently he had made a confidant of him, and as far as I could judge the fellow seemed honest enough. H— spoke at this time not one word of the native tongue, so that this one servant was the only soul with whom he could hold converse. It is little to be wondered at, then, that he confided in him all his hopes and fears, and when still on the march the negro had learned

nearly all there was to learn about H— and his associations. He had told him that in addition to his salary he hoped to be able to gain a further amount by corresponding to the press, and that he had already made an arrangement with the — *Herald*, the principal organ of his native town, to write articles on the country, its customs, and its people.

For a year after their arrival H— studied hard at the language of the country, and by the end of that time was fairly proficient. The negro had been his master, and in addition to the language had disclosed all he knew as to the life of the natives. Besides the use he made of this information in writing the articles to the newspaper, he seemed to be extraordinarily attracted by the subject, and spent nearly all his spare time in jotting down notes in a manuscript book. Every detail of native life seemed sufficiently important to be included, and the negro smiled when he narrated to me examples of some of the—to him—seemingly unimportant items.

What seems to have attracted H—, however, more than anything was matter referring to the religious beliefs of the tribes around; and here, as the negro made haste to tell me, was a difficulty, he himself coming of a family which for generations had been Moslems. The language once mastered, however, H— had held intercourse with the people themselves, and his very absence of strength, and simple ingenuous manner, had rendered the tribesmen much more ready to confide in him than they would have been in the case of any man in whom they felt a superiority of strength, or even the presence of a more vigorous mind than he possessed.

But in spite of the fact that a very considerable amount of information was collected by H— direct, he seemed to have chafed for a long time under the idea that much was being held back from his knowledge, and that, ready to speak on more general subjects as the natives were, there was a conspiracy existing to prevent his reaching

the more fundamental points. And it was these that he had made up his mind to discover, and almost daily he tried some new means to acquire them, but for a long time without success. As time wore on, however, the reluctance of the natives seemed gradually to disappear, and there was no doubt that H—'s desire was being accomplished. Impatient as he was, he went slowly to work, and in the end met with success.

All this I had to gather indirectly from what the negro told me, for the workings of a European mind were to him almost incomprehensible, and it was clear that all along he suspected H— of having some plot on foot by which to gain not merely information, but also wealth. That so much time and trouble should be given to a question from which little or no money was to be made seemed to him incredible. But as his tale proceeded he came to facts.

One day he heard a rumor that H— was to be told all there was to know regarding the mysteries of the native religion, and a week or two later H— himself informed him that he was going away for several days with a body of the tribesmen, and that he—the negro—must remain and look after the house. Argument had only tended to upset H—'s temper, and the servant had been told to mind his own business. Three days later H— had set out accompanied by a dozen or so of wild tribesmen.

The negro's suspense until his master's return had been apparently very real, and great was his delight, a week later, when a messenger arrived stating that he would be back the same evening, and ordering him to prepare his room and a meal. At sunset he appeared, fatigued with his journey and suffering from jungle fever, which proved, however, to be only a slight attack. An old negress accompanied him, bearing on her head a box of native workmanship, to which both H— and she paid the greatest attention. For some days the old woman stayed in the house, and left suddenly one night, no one seeing her go. H— had probably opened the door for her himself. But

she left the box behind her, and for a while H— occupied all his time in making the cupboard which had attracted my attention behind the curtain. Once completed, it was painted black, and the padlocks and iron bars, in which his trade in Amnat partly consisted, were affixed, and the dismal article of furniture set up in the corner of the room. Whatever had been in the box had been transferred thither, for one night H— had lit a bonfire in the court and burned the wooden case that the old woman had carried—and the negro showed me the black stain of the fire on the plastered floor.

For a time afterwards his master had seemed alternately depressed and excitable, but any question the servant had dared to ask as to where he had been was met by a sharp rebuke.

All this had occurred, as far as my informant could recollect, some four years previously, but he seemed to have only the vaguest idea as to dates.

Since then things had gone on as usual, with a few differences. His master's character had in some respects changed. He had ceased altogether to collect notes, and the manuscript book, in which a couple of years' information was contained, was destroyed. The negro could not remember his asking one single question as to the natives or their ways since this journey, the only one he had made during the seven years he had resided at Amnat. There was but one more item of interest in the negro's story that I can recollect,—the reappearance at stated intervals of the old black woman, who invariably arrived and departed at night. The house door was always locked, so that H— must have let her in and out himself. She never seemed to knock at the door, for in that case the servants could have heard her; but either his master had some given signal with her, or else he knew previously the dates at which she would appear. No, there was nothing extraordinary about her appearance. She was old and very ugly, that was all.

Such was the negro's story.

The following morning H— was himself again, but I noticed that one of

his fits of depression was upon him, and from time to time he would look at me curiously, as if wondering to himself what I had thought of his strange manner and his attack of fainting the previous day. I had enough sense, however, not to mention the subject, except to warn him in an innocent manner to be careful of the sun, telling him that in my opinion he had only just escaped a serious sunstroke. Yet all the time I knew that the sun had nothing to do with the matter, but that he had some secret which was driving him, perhaps, on the highroad to insanity.

The more I thought over his condition the more disturbed I became. The young bride must have reached the coast by now, and after a few days' rest would be starting for Amnat. The thought of the young English girl arriving as the wife of a man who, though sane enough to be sure, was distressed by some horrible secret that held him in constant fear, distressed me beyond measure, and after three days of careful thought I determined to have the matter out with him. I began at dinner by talking of solitude and the way it affected different people; how bad it was to give way to thoughts of morbidness or native superstition, and what the results sometimes were. H— said nothing at first, but let me talk on. I had expected, and was prepared for, a show of temper such as I had experienced before; but instead of that he seemed to get comfort from my words, and seldom interrupted, and then only to agree in what I was saying.

Having prepared the way for what was to come, I brought the conversation to a climax in the courtyard of the house, after our coffee. Locking the door that led into the passage on to which the kitchen and servants' room opened, I stepped up quickly to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said:—

"Look here. H—. You may or you may not have gathered from my conversation at dinner to what point I was leading. You may think, now that I am going to talk to you straightly, that I have no right to do so; but I have a

right—stop! A young English girl is coming all this long journey to marry you—coming to live in this damnable climate, amongst those accursed natives, for your sake; but, by God! if you and I do not have it out now and at once, I shall forbid it.”

“Forbid it!” cried H—. “You forbid it! How?” and he sprang to his feet.

“By telling her you are mad, and by showing her the cupboard in your room.”

For a moment his face was a picture of hate and fury; the next the hard lines relaxed, and with a sigh he sank down again into his chair.

“Are you answered?” I asked.

“What do you want?” he said slowly.

“Not, ‘what do I want?’ but what do I mean to do?” I retorted. “Listen! and I will tell you. I mean now and at once to break open that cupboard and relieve it of its contents, and you of your secret.”

He stammered out half-broken sentences, full of rage and hatred and fear.

“Your choice?” I asked him, and standing over him, so that he could not move from his seat—“your choice? I open your cupboard, or you do so yourself—or shall I tell your wife that you are mad and that she must return, and point out to her that in that coffin-like box lives a secret that she may never know, a secret of which you yourself live in abject terror?”

He did not answer, so I moved towards the door of his room. In a moment he had sprung to his feet and snatched a dinner-knife off the table, but I knew well enough that I was his match, knife or no knife. Almost before I could speak he burst into tears and laid the knife back on the table.

“Stop!” he cried; “come back. I will tell you something.”

I returned, and found him struggling to compose himself.

After a while he was able to speak.

“It is true,” he said, “either *It* or my bride must go. It is for you to decide.”

“Then let it be *It*.”

“Yes, but you do not know. You must

destroy it; it would kill me—besides, I love it so.”

“What is it?” I asked sternly, thoroughly alarmed by his strange manner and talk.

“Hush!” he replied softly, “you will see presently. Look, here is the key of the cupboard. Yes, it unlocks all the padlocks. I am going out into the town. I cannot be here to see—you must do it alone;” then he paused for a while. “Only fire will destroy it. Light the fire first; there is straw and wood there”—pointing to some packing-cases—“get a good blaze burning, then open the cupboard, and seize it and hurl it into the flames.”

I waited for more directions, but none came. H— sat still for a moment, his eyes fixed on the door of his room, then rose and walked to the other end of the court, turned back and shook hands with me, and went out. My first act was to call his faithful negro, tell him hurriedly that his master was very queer, and give him orders to follow him at a distance and let no harm befall him. As the negro departed I shut and locked the door.

I was alone now in the house, and I must confess, as I stood in the moonlight with the key in my hand, I felt nervous and excited. No time was to be lost, however; so collecting straw and wood, I lit a fire in the centre of the court. I almost wished it would not have burned so easily and quickly, for great as was the pitch of excitement I was in, I was by no means looking forward to the opening of the cupboard, though for all I knew to the contrary there might only be some most harmless object within. Lighting the lamp in H—’s bedroom. I turned the wick up as high as it would go without flaring, for in my present state I had no desire for darkness. I remember now distinctly looking at the key and thinking to myself how strange it was that so ordinary a padlock should conceal so great a secret; for no matter what the cupboard contained, it was easy to see the influence that it had upon H—’s whole life.

With a half-prayer, half-curse, I commenced to unlock the cupboard, and a

minute later the three padlocks that fastened it lay upon the floor. Yet even then I hesitated for a moment, and took a step back, when slowly the door opened by itself. Within, in the full glare of the light of the lamp, sat a mummified body of a native child, a horrid grinning thing, such as I had seen once before on the coast, where it was brought as a proof in the trial of a chief who had been accused of making human sacrifices, and I knew that I was looking upon one of the most sacred and most terrible of all native fetishes. But I confess to feeling a certain relief as well as horror, for at all events the nasty thing could do me no harm. I approached and examined it more closely; for as a curiosity it was extremely rare, the art of mummifying having been lost by the natives some centuries ago. It was evidently the body of a child of a few months old. The missing eyes had been replaced with discs of white glass, and these and a string of common blue beads round its neck were all that did not belong originally to the child as it lived. Even the hair showed in woolly tufts over the tightly stretched skin of the skull. The lips were slightly parted in a horrible grin, the white teeth showing between them. The shrunken limbs accentuated the larger bones of the joints, and added another revolting feature to the mummy. It was seated cross-legged upon a common piece of sack, its hands touching the ground on either side of its hips, in a most natural and ordinary position. In fact it was the very resemblance to life that rendered it most revolting.

This, then, was H—'s secret. This horrid, undecayed, dead thing that ought to have been dust centuries ago—powerless to move or speak, and yet instilling into his mind a feeling of abject terror.

I laughed aloud, for, to tell the truth, I had feared to find some nasty venomous beast—some snake or scorpion—in the cupboard.

But all of a sudden my laughter ceased, for slowly the door closed, just as I remembered then, it had previously opened. I distinctly felt a cold

sensation creep up my spine and die away somewhere in my neck—a feeling that I recognized as terror.

Then I realized that the wind might easily have occasioned so simple a thing as the opening and closing of the cupboard, and that it was only the strained state of my nerves that had upset me. I opened the cupboard again. At the first glance everything seemed the same, until I suddenly noticed that the position of the hands of the mummy had altered, and the arms had bent, the hooked fingers of the hands being extended before it, as if prepared to scratch. Pulling myself together, I tried to make myself believe that it had been so when first I had seen it; but the more I attempted to persuade myself, the more certain I became that it had moved. All this takes a long time to describe, but I doubt if I had been in the room above a minute.

Again I felt the same cold, creepy sensation in my back, and realized that it was now or never; that H— and his wife's future were at stake, and that I should never dare face him with my task unaccomplished.

With a spring forward I seized the tiny creature and hurried with it, holding it out in front of me, from the room. As we entered the courtyard the fire blazed up, and at the same moment I found myself in the most terrible state that in all my experiences I have ever felt; for the *thing* was moving, slowly at first, but vigorously and more vigorously as we neared the flames. God! I could not shake it off, though I thrust it right over the fire. With teeth and hands it held on, and just as I thought myself free, would grasp with its dead, dry hands or its cold teeth to one or other of my fingers. I almost shrieked with horror at my situation, but struggled on, until at last, its infernal strength worn out, it sank into the midst of the flames. The tar or resin with which it had been mummified caught fire, blazed for a moment, and destroyed it forever. My nerves were now in such a state that I feared madness, nor do I know what would have happened had I not heard H—'s voice calling at the door of the house for me

to open. I staggered across the court and drew back the bolt.

"You have done it?" he asked excitedly.

I pointed to the fire, for I could not speak, and H—, seeing my state, led me to a chair and plied me with wine, under the influence of which I was soon myself again.

We sat up all night, for neither of us dared think of sleep—fearful of dreams—and in the morning burned the black cupboard and its padlocks. I did not tell H— of my experiences, for from the very first I could see the enormous relief that the destruction of his "fetish" had brought about in him, and I judged his state of mind to be such that a tale of horror would easily upset him. He asked no questions, except the one I had answered by pointing to the fire, and we avoided all mention of the subject, passing the hours that yet remained till daylight in conjuring up recollections of our lives at home. Confidences that we would neither of us have bestowed upon the other came freely to our lips, and we spoke as friends might do who had known each other all their lives.

I stayed on until his bride arrived,—a pretty, fair English girl,—and then I left them. But they did not remain in Amnat long, for through some friends of mine I was able to find him a better post in one of our colonies, where to-day he is a man of some little importance and the father of a family.

Whether the old negro woman who had regularly come at intervals revisited him I never knew, nor did we ever mention again before my departure the incidents of that night. I have never seen him since. Some day, perhaps, I will hunt him up and obtain from him the information that will fill up the gaps in this story. But at present I have told all I know about it.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

From Temple Bar.

A STUDY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Naturalists may, roughly speaking, be divided into two classes—those who

observe and record natural facts for the mere purpose of classification with the ultimate object of producing a monograph which shall win them some credit in the scientific world; and those who, though equally gifted in the power of observation and no less curious about the significance of facts, "do not exactly deal with nature direct in a mechanical way," but, treating facts as the first stage, strive to "come to the alchemy, and get the honey for the inner mind and soul."

To this latter class Richard Jefferies belonged, and his peculiar excellence as distinguished from others who have made it their business to observe and record the phenomena of the universe lay in this—that he brought to the observation of natural facts *the passion of a lover and the imagination of a poet*. He seems, as it were, to merge his own identity for the time being in the object surveyed until he has wrested from it its secret or inner meaning. To do this successfully presupposes a power of self-detachment which is a rarer virtue than one is apt to suppose. At all events, it was a virtue which so great a lover of nature as Lord Byron, in a mournful passage in his journal, regretted he was unable to exercise, and the absence of which did much to impair his enjoyment of the grander aspects of nature—the mountain, the lake, and the waterfall.

To us, Richard Jefferies is a *Prophet of the Beautiful*. The exceeding beauty of the earth was to him an intoxication—something which he thirsted for with his whole soul. He was sensitive to beauty in all its manifestations—in the physical as well as in the more spiritual sense of the term.

The shapes of trees, the rounded masses of the clouds, the vibrations of the insects' wings, the crest of the wave, the grandly curving slope of the downs, the glory of the human figure, the grouping of cattle in a summer meadow, the beautiful green earth, the beautiful sky and sun—of all these he had a "deep, strong, and sensuous enjoyment."

As an example of Jefferies' sensitive-ness to beauty of form, take the following description of Dolly, the worker in the harvest fields:—

Her chin and neck were wholly untanned, white and soft, and the blue veins roamed at their will. Lips red, a little full perhaps; teeth slightly prominent but white and gleamy as she smiled. Dark-brown hair in no great abundance, always slipping out of its confinement and straggling, now on her forehead, and now on her shoulders, like wandering vines of bryony. The softest of brown eyes under long eyelashes; eyes that seemed to see everything in its gentlest aspect, that could see no harm anywhere. A ready smile on the face, and a smile in the form. Her shape yielded so easily at each movement that it seemed to smile as she walked.

There was, however, something more inward in Jefferies' love of the beautiful than mere exquisite appreciation of the loveliness and perfection of outward form. It was "the essence, the inner, subtle meaning"—the informing power of beauty which he longed for, that it might raise his life to higher planes of existence by being translated into some growth of excellence both of mind and soul.

This—one of the leading thoughts in the confession of his life contained in the "Story of my Heart"—is abundantly illustrated in his various essays. Thus, *e.g.*, in "Meadow Thoughts," after visiting on the hillside a spring which issued from the foot of a steep rock and fed a tiny brook, he exclaims:—

Beside the physical water and physical light, I had received from them their beauty; they had communicated to me this silent mystery. The pure and beautiful water, and pure, clear and beautiful light, each had given me something of their truth. It is not the physical water; it is the sense or feeling that it conveys. Nor is it the physical sunshine; it is the sense of inexpressible beauty which it brings with it. Of such I still drink, and hope to do so still deeper.

But not only had Jefferies the imagi-

nation, he had also the sensuous equipment of a poet. No one can fail to notice the extreme delicacy of his perceptions. "Color, light, and form," he says, "are as magic to me." He notices the most minute effects of light and color. Wordsworth's famous reference to the daisy and its star-shaped shadow can be matched by this: "The sunlight casts a shadow of the pigeon's head and neck upon his shoulder; he turns his head, and the shadow of his beak falls on his breast;" or again, to take another instance: "The bole of a beech in the sunshine is spotted like a trout by the separate shadows of its first young leaves."

Who, if not Jefferies, has given such perfect expression to those sounds, that are rather felt than heard, and perhaps even imagined rather than felt, when the whole landscape lies outspread beneath the unclouded blaze of the midsummer sun? The sound that is in the very air, which "is not enough to be called a hum, and does but just tremble at the extreme edge of hearing," or the faint resonance which seems to come when "the fervor of the sunbeams descending in a tidal flood rings on the strung harp of the earth." Still more strongly developed, however, was his *sense of color*. One can readily recall passages in which Jefferies' delight in the exquisite blending of natural tints under the influence of the atmosphere, or strong sunlight, or wind, in the deepening stain that October lays on the trees, in the brilliant orange, red, and violet sunsets that flame in the January sky along the downs that border the southern coast, in the royal scarlet of the poppies—"lords of the July fields"—in the changing hue of the dandelions—"the yellow-gold-orange plant"—in the deep blue of the bird's-eye veronica, and in the azure of the sky, begets a like infection in us, until the common earth glows with colors that no painter's palette can match. Take, *e.g.*, this description of the reaping-machine in the harvest field, which, though not the most gorgeous in its colorings, is

interesting as showing how Jefferies treated the "new agriculture," and taught us to see beauty in "things as they really are." It is a picture in which the colors are all toned by the unifying power of warm sunlight.

Red arms, not unlike a travelling wind-mill on a small scale, sweep the corn as it is cut and leave it spread on the ground. The bright red fans, the white jacket of the man driving, the brown and iron-grey horses, and yellow wheat are toned—melted together at their edges—with warm sunlight. The machine is lost in the corn, and nothing is visible but the colors, and the fact that is the reaping, the time of harvest dear to man these how many thousand years. The straw covers over the knives, the rims of the wheels sink into pimpernel, convolvulus, veronica; the dry earth powders them, and so all beneath is concealed. Above the sunlight (and once now and then the shadow of a tree) throws its mantle over, and, like the hand of an enchanter softly waving, surrounds it with a charm.

A few remarks may be offered in this place on the *style* of these essays. Speaking generally, the language is perfectly simple and direct; there is no savor of bookishness; upon everything is the stamp of sincerity—a sincerity born of loving intercourse with the objects described. The chief defect is a sense of discontinuity, occasionally felt in some essays in which Jefferies, contrary to his usual practice, presents us with "bushel baskets full of facts," the whole not being fused together by any unifying power of the imagination. But when at his best, his style is impassioned and throbs with emotion; it is imaginative as only fine poetry can be. He displays, too a *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of apt words and images which condense for us the life and movement of a whole scene. Thus he speaks of the "magpie drooping across from elm to elm"—of the grasshopper which "*flutters* himself over *seven leagues of grass-blades*"—of a particular spot "where burdocks *fight* for the footpath." Equally happy, too, is he in his use of images and similes, as

when he speaks of buttercups as "*nails of gold driven so thickly* that the true surface of the meadow was not visible"—of gnats "*like smoke* around the tree-tops"—of large puffed clouds "*like deliberate loads of hay*, leaving little wisps and flecks behind them in the sky."

Of Jefferies' style at its best the "Pageant of Summer" is the most sustained example. Taken as a whole, it may be said to form one grand hymn in praise of the fulness and beauty of life which culminates in the crowning glory of the summer. There is a purely human quality, too, about this essay which imparts to it the imaginative charm in which it is steeped. We know how to Wordsworth the sound of the cuckoo's note, or a sunset of extraordinary brilliancy, could recall for a moment all the old glamour and romance which nature wore in his childhood's days. So it was with Jefferies, as we gather from this essay; but for him the prime enchanter that could restore the vision of the past was the sight of the first wild rose of June.

The passage must be given in the writer's own words:—

Straight go the white petals to the heart; straight the mind's glance goes back to how many other pageants of summer in old times! When perchance the sunny days were even more sunny; when the stilly oaks were full of mystery, lurking like the Druid's mistletoe in the midst of their mighty branches. A glamour in the heart came back to it again from every flower; as the sunshine was reflected from them so the feeling in the heart returned tenfold. To the dreamy summer haze love gave a deep enchantment, the colors were fairer, the blue more lovely in the lucid sky. Each leaf finer, and the gross earth enamelled beneath the feet. A sweet breath on the air, a soft, warm hand in the touch of the sunshine, a glance in the gleam of the rippled waters, a whisper in the dance of the shadows. The ethereal haze lifted the heavy oaks and they were buoyant on the mead, the rugged bark was chastened and no longer rough, each slender flower beneath them again refined. There was a presence everywhere, though unseen, on

the open hills and not shut out under the dark pines.

Another charm of these essays not so prominent on the surface is their *pathos*. The secret of this is the implied contrast between the indifference of nature and the toils and sorrows of man. "All nature, all the universe that we can see is absolutely indifferent to us, and except to us human life is of no more value than the grass." Instances of this are fairly frequent. The reaper in the harvest-field looking up at the stray cloud which was spreading out in filaments in the blue sky, and betokened the burning weather which promised him "permission to labor till the sinews of his hand stiffened in their crooked shape, and he could hardly open them to grasp the loaf he had gained." The brook, bordered by an orchard garden, anciently the site of a Roman encampment near which a human skeleton had been disclosed through the caving in of a bank: "By the side of the living water, the water that all things rejoiced in, near to its gentle sound, and the sparkle of sunshine on it, had lain this sorrowful thing."

Sometimes the *pathos* is the result of the indifference of man rather than of nature, as in the story of Dolly in "Field Play," with its indictment of human selfishness, and indignant protest against some of the crying wrongs inflicted by thoughtless society upon its weaker members. Could anything be more pathetic at the conclusion of this idyll of careless, confiding youth and beauty, of shame, degradation, and suffering—this little village tragedy—than the picture of the workhouse where Dolly, a creature of the fields, was set to toil in the steam laundry.

The workhouse was situated in a lovely spot on the lowest slope of hills, hills covered afar with woods. Meadows at hand, cornfields farther away, then green slopes over which broad cloud-shadows glided slowly. The larks sang in spring, in summer the wheat was golden, in autumn the distant woods were brown and red and yellow.

And then, in poignant contrast to this, as a sort of refinement of torture, the heartlessness of man contrives to cut off one gentle source of relief for the spirits of the wretched inmates. "It was observed that the miserable wretches were always looking out of the windows in this direction. The windows on that side were accordingly built up and bricked in that they might not look out."

In reading certain of Jefferies' books, notably the "Story of my Heart," it is interesting to note the marked contrast between the writer's attitude towards nature and the interpretation of her to which we have grown accustomed from the poetry of Wordsworth. There are passages in that fascinating book in which it would almost seem that Jefferies had set himself deliberately to controvert some of the poet's most profoundly expressed convictions. This is, perhaps, the more surprising as sentences occur, now and then, which echo the very words of spiritual rapture with which Wordsworth communed with the speaking face of things. For example, Jefferies, describing a moment of exaltation, in which on the hills he let his thought, or inner consciousness go up through the illumined sky, expresses himself in words which recall part of that memorable passage in "The Excursion," where the growing youth beholds the sunrise over the sea. "This only lasted a very short time; perhaps only part of a second, and while it lasted there was no formulated wish. I was absorbed; I drank the beauty of the morning; I was exalted." Words like these remind us of the lines, "No thanks he breathed; he proffered no request. His spirit drank the spectacle;" and other passages occur in Jefferies' book which recall detached lines from "The Excursion" and the "Prelude." But the attitude of the two men with regard to nature was widely different. "All nature," says Jefferies, "the universe as far as we see is anti or ultra human, outside, and has no concern with man." So far as the

term ultra human is taken to mean beyond or separate from man, Wordsworth and Jefferies are in agreement; but whereas this view suggested to the mind of the latter the thought of something "without design, shape, or purpose," to the mind of the poet the separateness of nature conveyed the idea of a being that could communicate itself to him, and be, as he says:—

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul
Of all my moral being.

So powerfully was the anti-human side of nature present to the thought of Jefferies, that it led him to declare, in words which are the direct negative of that famous passage in the lines from the "Recluse" forming the introduction to "The Excursion," in which Wordsworth speaks of the wedding of the external universe and the individual mind, and the exquisite fitness of each to be the complement of the other, "By no course of reasoning, however tortuous, can nature and the universe be fitted to the mind. Nor can the mind be fitted to the cosmos."

This contrast between the two men, who were both possessed with a passion for the exceeding beauty of the earth—a beauty which Jefferies no less than the poet recognized as a living presence—for he speaks of it as the inner subtle meaning, that life-giving essence which he desired to drink up with his whole soul—had a marked effect upon the work of each. Wordsworth, because of his view of man and nature as complementary to each other, was enabled to see in nature a moral life:—

To every natural form, rock, fruit or
flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the high-
way,
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling; the great
mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward mean-
ing.

If we contrast with the lines of the poet quoted these words of Jefferies, "There is no God in nature, nor in any matter anywhere, either in the clods on the earth or in the composition of the stars," it is at once apparent how meaningless from this point of view become the words, "The anchor of my purest thoughts, The nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart." The want of such an anchor as is here meant may, in some measure, account for the unsatisfied yearning of Jefferies' thirst for the beautiful which fills us at times with a sense of oppression, and tends to leave behind it "a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd."

But whatever loss is involved in Jefferies' view of nature as compared with that of Wordsworth, he gains somewhat in pathos. The *indifference of nature*—or that aspect of her which is "red in tooth and claw"—for all human concerns could hardly be more touchingly expressed than it is in a few memorable passages in this book. The attitude, then, of the poet and the essayist may be thus briefly summed up. Whereas both maintained the distinctness of nature from man, Jefferies constantly insists on the anti-human side, whilst Wordsworth loves to dwell on the interaction which can take place between them—the wedding of nature to the discerning intellect of man, and the "creation which they with blended might accomplish."

It is interesting to note, in conclusion, a feature of these essays which shows us the writer in an entirely different light, and that is the practical sympathy displayed towards the country life and those whose occupations are connected with it. Jefferies was no sentimentalist; he welcomes modern methods in agriculture; traction-engines, steam ploughs, reaping machines, and light railways, in his eyes, fall readily into the natural order of things, and there is no walling over an idyllic past that can never be recalled. Even if he cannot say much for the new cottages from an æsthetic point of view, the improvements in matters of

sanitation, light, and air are set down as so much gain on the other side. He treats, too, of the life and manners of the country folk in the sympathetic way that comes from first-hand knowledge, and essays like those on *Country Literature* and *Cottage Ideas* should do somewhat to widen the very limited horizons, and stir up a little the humdrum existence of the country villagers.

But it is not as a writer on rural economy, or one whose works can furnish evidence for an agricultural commission, eminently capable as he was of dealing with this more directly practical part of the subject as well, that we shall turn to the writings of Richard Jefferies in the future. The old feeling which prompted men to speak of the earth as the "mother of us all" awoke in him a response that testified to such a tie as the loving intimacy of genuine relationship alone can bring. And of this love was born insight, so that he was enabled to read for us the secrets of the earth until things we had passed "a hundred times nor cared to see" were transfigured by his magic touch, as the moisture brings out the delicate veins of color in a pebble, for—

He was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes, and were
glad.

CHARLES FISHER.

From The London Times.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.¹

I have been trying to make out some sort of relation to the genius we commemorate to-day which should entitle me to be in this place. Somewhere or other Robert Stevenson has said that the two places which appealed most powerfully to his imagination are Bur-

ford-bridge and the Hawes Inn, at Queensferry. Now, it so chances that close to both those places I have pitched my tent, or had my tent pitched for me. Burford-bridge you probably do not all know. It is a place where Keats composed part of his "Endymion;" where Nelson bade farewell to Lady Hamilton. It is near the spot where Talleyrand took refuge from the Revolution; where Miss Burney first saw her husband, and where she spent the best years of her life. The Hawes Inn, at Queensferry, you probably know much better. I do not mean in the character of *bona-fide* travellers, but rather as pilgrims to a sacred haunt; for it is there that the genius of Sir Walter Scott and the genius of his successor first grasped each other by the hand; for it is in the Hawes Inn, simple structure as it is, that the first act of the "Antiquary" and the first act of "Kidnapped" are both laid. It is a solace to me to think that Sir Walter Scott certainly, and Robert Louis Stevenson I think certainly too, never saw that inn as it is now, overstridden and overriden by that monster of utility the Forth-bridge, which has added so immensely to the convenience and detracted so materially from the romance of that locality. Well, I have another claim to be here, but it is a claim that I have only in common with you all, and that is of being an ardent admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson and his work.

To-day is not the moment—we have not the time, and it would require a literary capacity to which I make no pretence—to-day is not the opportunity to enter into any review of the works of Stevenson. But there are two or three points to which, as an outside reader, I must call your attention before I sit down. The first is the style of the man himself—it was a tool carefully finished and prepared by himself in order the better to work out the business to which his genius led him. I dare say many of you may think that style is a light, accidental art of inspiration which comes easily to a

¹ Address by Lord Rosebery at a meeting in Edinburgh to further the movement for a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson.

gifted writer. But what does Stevenson say himself? "Whenever a book or a passage particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it, and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful. But at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and Oberman." And to these he adds afterwards, in a later passage, Ruskin, Browning, Morris, Keats, Swinburne, Chaucer, Webster, Congreve, and Thackeray; and he sums it all up by saying "that, like it or not, is the way to write." If a dullard was to pursue that practice which Stevenson enjoins he would at the end of it be probably only as at the beginning a "sedulous ape." But with Stevenson there was the genius to mould what he had acquired by this painful practice. Mr. Fox said of Mr. Pitt that he himself (Mr. Fox) had always a command of words, but that Mr. Pitt had always a command of the right words, and that is a quality which strikes us so in the style of Stevenson. I do not know whether his method was easy or laborious. I strongly suspect it may have been laborious, but, whichever it was, he never was satisfied with any word which did not fully embody the idea that he had in his mind, and, therefore, you have in his style something suggestive, something musical, something pregnant, a splendid vehicle for whatever he had to say.

He was not satisfied with style; he infused into his style a spirit which, for want of a better word, I can only call a spirit of irony of the most exquisite kind. He, as you know, adopted a style of diction which re-

minds us sometimes more of Addison's "Spectator" or Steele's "Tatler" than of the easier and more emotional language of these later days. But as he put into these dignified sentences this spirit which, for want of a better word, I must call irony, he relieved what otherwise might have been heavy. Now I think you will all recognize what I mean when I speak of this spirit of irony. You will find it in, I think, every page of his works. I do not mean that of the savage and gruesome parable which has added a household word to the English language, and which is called "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" or "Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll," but I will take one instance from one of the works of his highest imagination, "The New Arabian Nights." He takes Rudolf out of "The Mysterles of Paris" and puts him down in London as a plump and respectable Prince of Bohemia, bent on adventure, but comfortably situated, hovering always between the sublime and the ridiculous, till the author at last makes up his mind for the ridiculous and settles him down in a cigar divan. But no one can read the account of Florizel, Prince of Bohemia, without recognizing the essential quality of irony which makes Stevenson's style so potent. In some of his books he develops an even more bitter power of the same kind. In "The Dynamiter" you will find that in a form sometimes in which neither Swift nor Thackeray could be excelled. The picture of the scheming dynamiter, full of the high impulse of his mission, and constantly baffled by the cruel fate of circumstances in his efforts for an exhaustive explosion, is perhaps one of the most powerful instances of sardonic treatment to be met with in the whole history of English literature.

I cannot take instances of satire, because I should have to refer you to every page, but I will take the third point on which I wish to dwell for one moment this afternoon,—it is that the dramatic, realistic power of imagination, which, as I conceive, added to

the style and the spirit of lambent irony which pervades Stevenson's works, is what has raised him a head and shoulders above his fellows. Now I suppose at this moment we can all conjure to our minds some scene in one of his books which strikes us as more powerful and more imaginative than the rest. There is a scene in "The Master of Ballantrae" which, powerful as it is, has never, I confess, been a favorite of mine, because the story is so utterly repulsive from the beginning to the end—the conflict of a scoundrel against a maniac narrated by a coward. But in "The Master of Ballantrae" there is a scene which we see before us as vividly as I see your faces now, where the old steward comes out with a silver candle in each hand glaring into the still and silent night, ushering the brothers to their death struggle like a landlord handing out illustrious guests to their apartments. He walks through the night, and he holds the lights while they fight, and you next see the dead body, or seemingly dead body, of the elder lying with the wax candles flickering on each side in the silent night, and then again the steward returns, the body is gone, one wax candle has fallen down, the other is upright, still flickering over the bloodshed. Can you not all see it as you read it in the page of Stevenson? To me there seems nothing more vivid in all history. Take another scene. You remember the defence of the little pavilion on the links, the old cowardly caitiff shrinking from the result of his crimes, the clinging daughter, the brave brute who defends and despises the criminal, the unwelcome guest who chronicles it, and in the midst of that strange story of defence you remember the little Italian hat that comes skimming across the scene—surely as vivid a touch as the footprint of Friday in "Robinson Crusoe." Let me give you one more instance, and only one more. It is in that masterpiece to applaud which old age and youth combine—I mean, of course, "Treasure Island." In "Treasure

Island" there are two walking-sticks—sticks that I think those who have read "Treasure Island" will never forget. There is the stick of the old blind man Pugh that comes rapping, rapping through the darkness like the rattle of the snake, a sure indication of the coming curse, and there is the crutch of Long John, at once a weapon and a defence, which I think will live in our memory as long as any incident.

It is a folly, it is a presumption, to try and animadvert even on the works of this great genius in so cursory a manner, but the greatness of his genius is urged against any proposal to commemorate it at this moment. We are told by those who are always critics and always objectors—and nothing in this world was ever done by critics and objectors—we are told by them that, after all, the works of Robert Louis Stevenson are his best memorials. In one sense that is undoubtedly true. No man of ancient or modern times since the beginning of the world has ever left behind him so splendid a collection of his works as has Robert Louis Stevenson—I mean not merely of what they contain, but the outward and visible form of them. But this objection, if it is worth anything, means this—that testimonials are to be confined to those who have done nothing to make themselves remembered. I know very well that the age is marching at such a pace in this direction that it will be a source of pride soon to men, women, or children to say that they have never received a testimonial. The minister as he enters and as he quits his manse is hallowed by such presents; the faithful railway porter who has been for five years at his post is honored in the same way. No man who has lived a blameless life for ten or for twenty years can well avoid the shadow of this persecution. But, for all that, it is not for the sake of Robert Louis Stevenson that I would put up this memorial; it is for our own sakes. I do not, at any rate, wish to belong to a generation of which it shall be said that they had this consummate

being living and dying among them who did not recognize his splendor and his merit. I, at any rate, do not wish that some Burns shall hereafter come, as in the case of Ferguson, and with his own scanty means put up the memorial that Ferguson's own generation was unwilling to raise. Oh, but it is said, Why not then wait ten, or twenty, or thirty years until time shall have hallowed and mellowed his reputation? Ten, or twenty, or thirty years! Who of us can afford to wait so long as that? How many of us in this hall will be alive in ten, or twenty or thirty years? We cannot reckon on the morrow, and yet, forsooth, as a protection against our own parsimony, we are to relegate to a future generation, which shall then be the judge of the reputation of this great master—we are to leave it to a future generation to do what we are reluctant to do ourselves. At any rate, I am not willing to take any such course. I am not willing that another month, or another week, or another day should pass over our heads without our having taken some steps in the direction in which I am urging. What form any such memorial should take I cannot for my part decide. Those who knew Stevenson himself would, I think, be entitled to have the first voice in the matter. There is one thing, which no one has suggested, and that is an addition to our Edinburgh statues. It is a great thing that we should be able to walk about Edinburgh and see illustrious names on pedestals and something to commemorate them on these pedestals; but I think you will agree with me, without any disrespect for some of the sculptors who have executed those statues, that if these restless spirits that possessed the Gadarene swine were to enter into the statues of Edinburgh and if the whole stony and brazen troop were to hurry and hustle and huddle headlong down the steepest place near Edinburgh into the deepest part of the Firth of Forth, art would have sustained no serious loss. We might regret not a few of the effi-

gles that we should have lost, but on the whole the city would not be the loser. I see, I think, a pained protest from the Lord Provost on my right. He is the custodian of our arts. It is not likely that the spirits of which I have spoken will carry out my proposal, and therefore my opinion seems a harmless one. But in regard to the memorial one point has struck me. There are two places in the world where Stevenson might fitly be commemorated; one is Edinburgh and one is Samoa. I suppose that in Samoa some sort of memorial is sure to be raised. But, gathering as I do Stevenson's tastes only from a perusal of his works, there seem to me to have been two passions in his life—one for Scotland, and in Scotland for Edinburgh, and one for the sea. It seems to me that if some memorial could be raised which should appeal to his passion both for Edinburgh and for the sea we should have done the best thing in carrying out what might have been his wishes in such a connection. But whether that be so or not, of one thing I am certain—that none of us here, if I may judge from the crowding of this hall and the attitude of this audience, are willing that the time shall pass without some adequate memorial's being raised. That is, after all, the materially important point for which we are met—that we should not go down to posterity as a generation that was unaware of the treasure in our midst; and I trust that before long it will be our happiness in Edinburgh to see some memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson which shall add to the historical interest of our city and to the many shrines of learning and of genius by which it is adorned.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Two men stood upon the sloping deck of a steamer lying stranded among the mud banks of a lagoon in Dahomey; the one was Captain Brown of the pow-

erful screw-tug *Corona*, and the other *James Cranton*, representative of a wrecking syndicate which had purchased the vessel on the chance of getting her afloat. There was a fiery crimson gleam along the western horizon, against which the leathery foliage of the mangroves stood out black and clear as though carved in ebony; while the yellow water and bubbling slime beneath flashed back a lurid glow upon the rusty plates of the steamer and the haggard faces of the men.

"The story of this Dutchman is a tragic one," observed the captain, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "She broke two plates on a reef; then they beached her in here, and half the hands died of fever,—easy to understand that. She must have been a bad bargain for the syndicate."

"Yes," was the answer; "this pile of old iron and rusty machinery has cost us four thousand pounds altogether. All we have got in return is the few hundred pounds' worth of odds and ends on board the tug, and we've buried two men. The steamer will never float again; in two years she'll be buried in a mangrove forest; I've seen it before in Africa. However, we've all done our best and now we'll get out of this ghastly place before we die of fever. I'm sick now, and you don't seem very bright."

So they slid down a line into a boat which lay alongside, and with a brief, "Pull, lads," dropped wearily into the stern.

The crew bent to their oars, and as the blades dipped foul exhalations rose from the yeasty water across which the lights of the tug twinkled faintly through the gathering mist. It was, as Cranton had said, a ghastly place. The dingy foliage of the mangroves walled the lagoon in on every side. In places the watery forest rose, a maze of white stems and interlacing branches, from many feet of slime and froth; while in others the arched roots crept like the tentacles of a huge octopus far out across banks of evil-smelling mud, each pale branch overhead sending down a fresh snoot to feed on the corruption below. Over all brooded a dense

atmosphere, heavy with the odors of putrefaction, which bring sickness and death to the European who breathes them.

When they reached the tug darkness was closing down, and it was just possible to make out three or four scantily attired figures crawling feebly about the lumbered deck among piles of hawsers, chains, and miscellaneous salvage.

"How are the two seamen now?" asked the captain, as he climbed over the low rail; and a hoarse voice answered: "Sinking fast, I'm afraid, sir; no chance for a sick man here."

"Knock off now and heave the boat up. Tell them to start the fires; we go out to-morrow's tide;" and the captain disappeared below.

For a time Cranton leaned over the rail, gazing into the gathering darkness, and wondering how long it would take him to recover the health and money lost in this unfortunate venture. Forest and lagoon seemed to swarm with life. From somewhere beyond the mangrove fringe the howl of a hunting leopard rang out through the stillness; water and mud heaved and bubbled with the movement of countless scaly creatures; while at intervals the harsh croak of a wading stork echoed across the misty surface, or a swimming alligator ploughed a furrow across the steamer's bows. All these sounds Cranton knew and leathed. He had heard them before on the Amazon and the Niger, and knew that they had rung the death-knell of many a strong man. But there was another sound which promised life and health, and his flushed face brightened as a monotonous, vibrating note drifted up the night breeze; it was the song of the long Atlantic swell sweeping across the thundering bar. With a last glance seawards, Cranton crawled into his stifling cabin, swallowed a bitter draught of whiskey and quinine, and flung himself down to sleep. Early next morning he was awakened by the rattling winch and the creak of chain, and going on deck he saw the sickly crew getting the anchor over the bows.

Presently the captain strode to the end of the bridge and said: "The surf will be easy to-day; there's a light air off shore, or deep as she is we'd never have got out." Then the telegraph tinkled, the propeller whirled up the foam astern, and with the muddy water boiling into white wreaths beneath her bows, the *Corona* steamed down the lagoon.

A seaman leaned over the rail, waving his hat, as they passed a spit of yellow sand. "Good-bye, Tom; good-bye, Jim. Give the poor fellows a call, sir," he said. The captain smiled, then he raised his cap, and grasped a lanyard. Three times the deep boom of the whistle rang out across forest and water, and thrice the red ensign fluttered aloft, a glowing streak of color against the morning blue, while, rough weather-beaten men stood bareheaded in the rising sun. Then a wheeling cloud of bats and screaming parrots settled down again among the mangroves, and the forest closed round a lonely wooden cross.

"Thank God, we're off, and there are no more left behind. We're not out of the wood yet though," observed the grimy engineer, as he looked out through the gratings.

Presently a dense volume of dingy smoke streamed away from the *Corona's* funnel, and the boat trembled throughout to the vibration of her panting engines, for the roaring bar lay close ahead veiled in a white smother of foam. Out she went, swinging a streaming forefoot high into the air, or plunging to the bits in a white-crested roller, wallowing and diving with flooded decks, until at last the surf was passed and she rose and fell smoothly on the glassy undulations of the Atlantic.

"Now for Sierra Leone and home," said the captain, dashing the spray from his face, while a feeble attempt at a cheer went up, and this time the ensign rose to the mast-head. Then the *Corona* was put on a south-west course, and shore her way at a good ten knots an hour through the long blue swell, the flashing water roaring from beneath

her bows and streaming away astern in streaky lines of white and green in the wake of the throbbing propeller, while sickly men crawled about the deck drinking in with delight the pure sea-breeze. Presently the captain descended from the bridge and Cranton addressed him: "Better have a look below now; the worst of the fever generally begins when you leave the malaria swamps and breathe the sea air."

So the two crept down into the stifling fore-castle, clinging tight to the iron-runged ladder at each wild roll. At first it was impossible to make out anything in the gloom, and the men stood with bent knees, balancing themselves against the heave of the vessel, and listening to the thunder of the water outside the vibrating plates each time the sharp bows cleft apart a brimming swell. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, Cranton moved towards a wooden shelf, and bending over a heap of dirty blankets, said, "Well, Johnson, how are you now? Hold up your head, and drink this." A faint light streamed in through a dirty port, as the steamer swung her head out of the sea, falling upon the hollow cheeks and soaking hair of a man, who stretched out a claw-like hand for the draught, and gasped: about the same, sir; awful pain in all my bones, and something like hot iron round my skull; but the fireman there's raving mad, and the nigger hasn't spoke for hours."

Then a lip of green water washed above the glass, obscuring the light, and out of the shadow rose a terrified shout. The captain shuddered as the tug lifted her bows again, and he saw the wreck of what had once been a strong man, holding a trembling hand before his eyes to shut out some imaginary horror.

"We must get them on deck while it's fine," said Cranton. "Rig an awning and hammocks for them. I'm afraid there'll be more down soon, and all our drugs are done."

"I hope not," said the captain. "With the loss of the two poor fellows who died in the lagoon, and three help-

less here, we'd be very short-handed if we got bad weather. It's lucky we shipped the three Krooboyes, but I'd give six months' pay to be safe in the Trades."

As Cranton advised, so it was done; and the fever-stricken sufferers swung to and fro beneath an awning as the tug rolled along across the sun-lit sea, a lonely wedge of dark hull ringed about with creaming foam, in the centre of a great azure circle.

All that day, and for several days following, there was not a breath of air to ruffle the glassy surface of the swell which ran steep and high from horizon to horizon, as it often does off the African coast for no apparent cause. Every morning the sun rose through a purple haze, gleaming coppery red, and as he swung slowly west across the heavens poured down the pitiless heat of the tropics upon the plunging tug, until the pitch boiled out of the seams and the brass of the rail felt scalding to the touch of incautious fingers. The mate lay burning with fever in a hammock beneath the shade of the bridge-deck, while every now and then a fireman, dripping with perspiration and gasping for breath, dragged himself through the stokehold gratings to collapse limply on deck. So the Corona drove along, westwards ever, stemming the strong Guinea current, amid the clatter of blocks, clashing of gear, and groaning of timber, while her captain and Cranton lay listlessly beside the wheel as the long hours dragged by, longing for a breath of cool air or the sight of a passing steamer from which they might obtain drugs or assistance.

One evening, after the most trying day of all, the captain, who was gazing out into the sunset, said languidly: "I see all kinds of bad weather there, and the barometer's falling fast. It's the tornado season too, and we're loaded to the last inch. However, anything would be a relief after this." Sea and sky were one blaze of light, a hard, brassy glare above, with long lines of fiery radiance trembling across the swell below, while whirling wreaths of

thin vapor drifted before an unfelt breeze across the red disk of the sinking sun.

Cranton walked forward, balancing himself to the heave of the deck, and leaped against the rail. A blood-red light glowed beneath the awning cloths and flashed along the dripping bows, each time the tug swung aloft with the backwash streaming down her sides. By and by two half-naked Kroomen crawled from beneath the gratings in the bows, dragging a rigid black object after them towards the gangway. Cranton shuddered as he gazed, for presently the vessel rolled wildly downwards, and the corpse turned an awful face and sightless eyes towards him. Then the angle of the deck grew steeper, and it slid softly out through the gangway. There was a loud splash in what seemed to be a sea of fire, and the hideous thing lifted a black arm above the surface, bumped twice along the bends, and afterwards sank swiftly through the glancing wake astern, as though it had been drawn violently down. Cranton turned away with a cold feeling beneath his belt, and watched the darkness closing down. When the last glow had faded in the west, the foam wreaths under the bows and the black water along the bends blazed out into flashes of green and gold fire; while streaks of blue flame flickered along the horizon. This is common enough on the West Coast, but that night it was exceptionally brilliant, and the wreaths of vapor whirling across the low-hung crescent moon told of wind overhead.

"It looks as if we were in for a tornado; I never saw the glass lower," said the captain, as a few drops of warm rain splashed along the deck. Then a little puff of cool air fanned their hot cheeks, and his voice rang out: "Harden down the hatch-wedges, strip awnings, batten the scuttles. Every man fit to work stand by."

A few minutes later a roll of thunder echoed along the heavens, and the air was filled with the roar of falling water which hissed along the deck and

gurgled inches deep through the scuppers. The telegraph tinkled twice *stand by*, but the engineer, lying gasping for breath in his narrow bunk, had already received a sterner summons. He had heard the African thunder before, and knew that, sick or well, he must be at his post that night; so he dragged himself into the engine-room, where he leaned heavily against a column.

For ten minutes the deluge continued, and then the thick curtain of rain was split up and blown away, and with a scream the tornado burst upon them. The sea grew crisp and white like wool; sheets of spindrift burst over the vessel, while dazzling phosphorescence blazed from every curling surge until the tug appeared to be steaming through living flame. For a time Cranton clung to a funnel-guy, half choked and blinded with the mad rush of wind, though at intervals he could see the tall figure of the captain gripping the weather spokes of the jarring wheel, while a seaman tarust upon them to lee. Already the smooth swell was changing into steep foaming seas, and the *Corona* dived through them, with the luminous water flying aft in sheets and the powdered drift driving over her like smoke. Presently, after the passing of a furious gust, Cranton caught the captain's voice: "Hold the wheel till I get at the telegraph; she's drowning herself now." Then as he peered into the yellow glow of the binnacle, and strained his wrists upon the plunging wheel, the faint clang of a gong rose from below and a slackening of vibration told that the engines were turning more slowly.

The horrible turmoil of wind and rain lasted half an hour, then it settled down into a steady blow, and the phosphorescence faded from the water. A!l night the *Corona* staggered along, half buried in the seas which grew higher and steeper, until near dawn a great black wall rolled in over the bows. There was a crash of splintering timber, and while tons of water poured out over the rail, the rest disappeared through the deck in a swirling eddy.

"Fore hatch gone,—stand by with the

tarpaullins, for your lives!" roared the captain, and dropping from the bridge-deck Cranton staggered forward towards four dripping objects, knee-deep in water, struggling with the flapping tarpaullins. Twice the sheet was wrenched from their hands, and one seaman who loosed his hold in a frantic roll crawled back out of the scuppers with the blood streaming down his face. But the men knew that they were fighting for their lives as well as for the safety of the deeply loaded vessel; and at last the painted canvas was drawn across the aperture and battened down, while coils of hawsers and gear were piled upon the unsmashed boards.

When Cranton reached the bridge again, the captain said: "I wish you'd slip below and see if there's much water in her, and how the mill is going." Gripping the ladder hard to avoid being hurled among the whirling machinery, Cranton found the engineer standing with an anxious face, ankle-deep in water which spouted through the chequers of the floor-plates; while, oil-can in hand, a grimy subordinate leaned cautiously over the racing cranks. "The water's coming in faster than we can throw it out, I'm afraid; she's doing her best, listen," he said, and above the grinding clatter of rod and shaft, Cranton recognized the sharp metallic clang of a gorged pump, and could see the iron suction-pipe throbbing and pulsing, as though alive, each time the ram hurled a solid jet of water over the side. "If we do no better the fires will be drowned before long; it's gained an inch since you came," the man went on; and Cranton shuddered as a roll sent the chilly fluid swishing round his ankles, while the buzzing cranks threw up a miniature cascade.

When he regained the bridge, the mate staggered up, saying briefly: "The tarpaulin's split again, the scuttle's burst, and it's more than a man's life is worth to go forward. I'm afraid she'll go down under us soon."

As if in answer, a white-crested roller rose up ahead, and next moment the fore-deck disappeared into the sea.

For a second or two the little vessel staggered and seemed to stop, then, as she slowly shook herself free and swung aloft, the water rolled aft. There was a crash of splintering glass, a cloud of steam rose through the broken skylights as it fell hissing on the hot cylinder-heads below, and the rush struck the bulkhead a thundering blow. The three men looked at one another with ashen faces, until the captain spoke. "It is nearly dawn now, and we must be close in to the Ivory Coast," he said, "We'll run in and chance finding a lagoon; anyway, it's better to risk the surf on a beach than to founder in deep water. Hard over, due north, helmsman."

So for a while the three leaned over the bridge rails, gazing out through the driving spray, as the circle of tumbling water grew wider and wider beneath the coming dawn. Then, with the suddenness of the tropics, the sun swung out from behind a bank of hard-edged clouds, and the dusky sea-plain changed in a moment to flashing green and snowy white, until he disappeared again veiled in flying scud. A few minutes later something like a cluster of feathers rose to view upon the far horizon, and Cranton said hoarsely: "That must be some of the tall palms beyond Lahu. I've been on the Ivory Coast before."

Higher and higher grew the distant objects, until at last it appeared as if the trees sprang aloft from the midst of the sea. Then a shadowy background of low-lying forest rose to view, and one of the Krooboyes crawled aft, clinging for his life to the rail as a sea burst across the vessel, and shouted excitedly: "I know him, sah, know him bad; be Lahu Lagoon, sah."

"Take your chance and let him run her in; the Krooboyes know every inch of the coast," said Cranton, and while the captain nodded his head, the helmsman whirling round the spokes, swung the Corona's bows towards the palms.

"It's our only chance; go down and tell Jim to hold out, and drive her all he can. It's a race now to get in before we founder," said the captain, and Cranton, dodging a sea, dived into the engine-

room, and safely reached the submerged floor-plates. The engineer splashed about among the rising water, while the drowned cranks hammered and gurgled amid a seething mass of foam.

"She's going all she's worth; come and see," he said, and together they waded into the stokehold. A roaring blast swept down the yawning ventilator shafts and rushed towards the trembling boiler front, where, stripped to the waist, two haggard firemen, streaming with perspiration, balanced themselves against the rolling as they forced the twinkling fires. Every now and then, as the tug lurched forward, a gurgling wave surged hissing among the red ashes below the fire-bars, and the engineer shook his head. "It's tempting Providence now," he muttered, "for the boiler's an inch thick with scale and salt; she may go at any moment. Drive her, my lads!" and then he added in a whisper: "They've both got fever and have been at it eight hours; flesh and blood can do no more."

The most comforting thing, Cranton thought, was the ringing clang of the big pump and the hissing of the injection, and he knew that every throbbing cylinder and palpitating valve was doing its utmost in that wild race for life.

When he reached the bridge again, the Krooboy was pointing excitedly ahead and shouting: "Keep them tall palm open, sah, one III' hand, plenty too much surf, sah." The coast-line now lay clear and bright in the watery sunshine, a strip of yellow beach, alternately visible and hidden by clouds of spray as the mile-long ridges of water burst upon it: beyond was a fringe of feathery palms, and behind these again what appeared to be a waste of mangroves.

"I can see no entrance, and if we go ashore the surf will smash every bone in our bodies. Steady helm!" said the captain. Cranton glanced aft with his heart in his mouth at the ocean-walls that chased them astern or burst with a roar over the counter, while the whole vessel trembled with the shaking of her

racing engines as she swung high on the crest. Then a shout from the Krooboy made him turn his eyes, and dragging out his glasses, he fancied he could see a smooth green riband of water winding through the chaos of foam ahead. The Corona stormed through it towards the deadly sand, all hands clinging to the rail wherever they could find a lee, gazing in half breathless silence at the yeasty confusion before them. At last the beach lay close at hand, and the air was filled with the roar of the surf, as every now and then a dark line of water rose up and blotted out forest and shore until it crumbled away into cascades of white upon the sand.

"Tarboard now, sah," said the Krooboy, and the helmsman glanced at the captain with wonder in his face, for a starboard helm would cant them towards the worst of the surf. The captain clenched his teeth and nodded his head, and the steamer's bows swung right inshore. Cranton felt his skin creep and his nerves tingle, and strove to choke down a wild desire to wrench the wheel out of the seaman's hands, and turn the vessel's bows anywhere but towards the white death ahead; but the negro clung to the binnacle, silent and rigid, like an ebony statue. Then he shouted, "Port now, port one time," and the watchers held their breath as they saw a sharply marked strip of rolling green water open between the mad smother on either side. The captain threw himself upon the wheel, and aided by the helmsman spun the spokes round for dear life, and the bows pointed straight towards the narrow way where was salvation.

Then a harsh voice shouted "Hold on all," and a vast roller rose up astern as high as the flame-tipped funnel ring. Every eye was turned aft, for if that sea curled and broke too soon all hands would be ground to pieces on the sand below. As they gazed, there was a roar and a rush, the Corona was caught up and swept madly forward on the foaming crest. Captain and helmsmen clung to the spokes with a grip of steel, until the mass broke up and melted away, then, sinking through the whirling back-

wash, the tug steamed safely into the smooth water across the bar.

Ten minutes later the engines were stopped and the captain gasped out, "Thank God!" as the anchors plunged into the lagoon, and the little vessel swung smoothly up and down on the swell which worked in across the bar. Now that the decks were no longer swept the pumps could cope with the water, and in a few hours the holds were free.

There is little more to tell. The wind dropped and the sea went down, as suddenly as it generally does on that coast, and the Corona lay for a week leisurely repairing damages, in a fairly healthy, sand-girded lagoon. Then it chanced that a little top-heavy patrol gunboat came rolling by, and in answer to a signal sent in a boat. When they learned the state of affairs, her officers stripped themselves of whatever comforts they had for the benefit of the fever-stricken crew, the surgeon prowl with scale and calt; she may go at any drugs, and the commander lent them black firemer and deck-hands, to be landed at Sierra Leone. Then, after her crew had thanked the kindly officers fervently, the tug steamed out across the rolling bar, coaled at Sierra Leone, made a good passage up the Trades, and in due time reached home in safety, the sick recovering on the way.

James Cranton is now engaged in an attempt to float a stranded vessel off the Brazilian coast, while the Corona is employed in channel towage; but none of those concerned in it will ever forget the unfortunate attempt to salve the stranded Dutchman.

From Longman's Magazine.

FIRST DAYS WITH THE GUN.

When we were boys we loved getting up early of a fine summer's morning and going forth with gun to stalk the rabbits at their morning meal. There was a peculiar quality of delight in getting up while all indoors

was still a-hush, though the dawn was peeping in through the window and the birds were choiring their morning hymn. It was fascinating to steal on tip-toe down through the sleeping house—down even to the very larder, there to cut off a hunk of bread, and perhaps a roast chicken's leg, to serve as an early breakfast. Then, shouldering gun and slinging on powder-flask and shot-belt, one might go striding along the roads and meet never a soul. Authority did not look with disfavor on this pilfering from the larder, for the object of all the labor and early rising was to shoot something—rabbits, to wit—that might more than make good the pilfering, and prove that the early-rising laborer was worthy of his breakfast.

There was no time for the rabbits like the early morning, for then they would all be out on the feed—engrossed with their feeding, not restless and watchful, as they were apt to be in the evening, when every neighboring road was noisy with passing carts. Moreover, we were not over and above sure of our permission to shoot on the nearest and best of our hunting grounds. On some of the fields we were welcome, but our rights over others were debatably expressed by the phrase that we "didn't think old So-and-so would say anything if he did see us." And, our license being of this rather doubtful kind, it was obviously the better part of valor to arrange matters so that "old So-and-so" should not see us, and this he was exceedingly unlikely to do at three or four o'clock in the morning. No house or farm was sufficiently near for its inmates to be aroused by the shots. A highroad went along beside most of these fields—that very highroad on which, in days then looked back on with the supremest contempt, we used to chase and persecute the yellow-hammers; but it was not a populous highway at any time, and in the smaller hours of the morning not a soul passed along it. So we would boldly tramp it, with gun on shoulder, until we had left all the

outsiskirting houses of the village in which lived Joe's friends, the blacksmith who had made the climbing-irons, and the carpenter who had given us the wire netting for the magpies' cage. Then we would climb the first gate off the road and steal across the grass field to the farther hedge.

Rabbits, appearing suddenly to start out of the ground, would dart from the grass and into the brambly hedge which was the boundary of a great steep furze-covert sloping down towards the common. But these we let judiciously alone. Unless we killed the quarry stone dead he would drag his poor crippled body through the hedge into the furze-brake, and we should see no more of him. (Of course we could not take our dog Viper on an expedition of this kind, where all success must be due to stealthy stalking.) We had other views than to startle every rabbit within hearing by a chance shot at one galloping full speed across us. Moreover, since it was summer time, it was not all the rabbits, by any means, that were fit for eating; and ours was essentially a pot-hunting expedition, for it was by its success or failure from that point of view that it would be estimated by Authority on our return home. Of course, it might be as great a feat of sportsmanship to kill one rabbit going at full speed into covert as two sitting out in the grass field; but we always found Authority to be more readily impressed by tangible and edible results than by the very best of reasons for their absence. And just over the hedge that ran, crossways, up to the road, we knew that, peering through the tangle of bramble and honeysuckle and wild convolvulus, we were very sure to see quite close to us, half hidden by the long, dry windlestraws, a pair or two of long brown ears lying back, confidently, on a grey-brown little head that nodded gently as its owner nibbled the soft juicy undergrass. Then we would have to pause a moment, reckoning whether this pair of ears or that belonged to

a bunny of the size and age we were looking for, namely three-parts grown. It was a hard matter to determine, but generally before we had fully decided the point to our satisfaction one of us would make a light rustle in the hedge, as a coat was clutched by the thorn of a bramble. This tiny noise would be the signal for each pair of ears to erect themselves respectively; heads were lifted for an apprehensive look round, and other quite unsuspected rabbits revealed themselves as they repeated this gesture. Some, in their interest, sat up on their haunches, with dropping fore paws, like a dog begging.

This was our opportunity; and if we waited longer we might lose it, for already two of the bunnies, not satisfied by their look around, had slipped quietly into cover. We would level at one which, after ambling two steps towards the hedge, had halted again to look beggingly towards us, and shown himself by this manoeuvre to be just of the size we wanted. Meanwhile we would have marked another of likely size farther up the field, who might serve for the second barrel.

"Bang!" The begging bunny stretched himself out with a kick, white stomach upward. There was a stampede of scurrying brown forms towards the hedge, in which we quite lost sight of the intended victim of the left barrel. We would fire incontinently at one who sat at gaze a moment at the very edge of the covert. A shrill squeak answered. In a moment we had thrown ourselves into the thorny, tangled thicket that called itself a hedge, torn our way through it, rushed to where the poor wounded little bunny—in our hurry we would sometimes shoot by mistake a very little one—was dragging himself painfully under the arching cover of brambles, jumped on him, regardless of prickles, and in a very few moments had put an end to his suffering. The other, which we had shot sitting, would generally be stone-dead; it would have been difficult to fail to kill him. And we had breathing time and a sense of

infinite triumph as we surveyed the beginnings of the bag.

The further early-morning exploits had a great likeness to the first. There were more fields to be walked over, where the bunnies at our approach raced for the covert of the great furze-brake, more hedges to be cautiously approached and peered over, more selection of the fitting victim, and more hurried firing of the second barrel.

By the time that the bag had reached the respectable size, and the rather uncomfortable weight of half-a-dozen or so of rabbits we would be above the furze-clad slope which went down to the cliffs of the jackdaws, and about at the limit of our zeal and of our hunting ground. Beyond lay the property of a friend, indeed, but a friend who often gave us a day's rabbit shooting under quite different conditions. Our poaching little consciences were tender about the rabbits of one who was so truly our benefactor. Also, we were now two good miles from home, the sun was beginning to put forth its strength upon backs already wearied with the weight of all the game, and we would turn homeward well satisfied with the morning's work. Our feet would be sopping wet with the heavy dew; for all this while they had been rending the thick, dew-bespangled gossamers which lay over all the fields as if the spray of a waterfall had been woven into a coverlet and laid on them. The sun came glinting off them, so that it dazzled the eye, and the calm sea of the bay was like a golden mirror under its beams. Looking back, we could see the track that our feet had made through the sheeny gossamer, and the track was marked of every rabbit that had come or gone to or from the hedge. These mornings of summer are a revelation of beauty and freshness; but our limbs were none too fresh, and ourselves all too hot and tired, for much appreciation of beauty by the time we had reached home and put ourselves to bed again for an hour or two's sleep before breakfast.

Viper hated these early-morning ex-

peditions. He could not understand the meaning of our stealing out of bed without bidding him jump off and accompany us; and when we ultimately left the room, after putting on our worst and oldest suits of clothes, in which Viper and we alike delighted, with unmistakable indications of an intention to go a-shooting, we had to shut the door on much canine bewailing. Poor Viper! It really was only a mixed joy to him when we returned with a bag which he had not helped in filling. These days were not Viper's days; nevertheless, like other dogs, Viper had his day occasionally—days when our neighbor whose rabbits we respected gave us shooting, and bade to the shoot every dog, broken or unbroken, that would chase a rabbit. And, to say truth, the unbroken—the utterly unbroken—were in a very large majority; nor, even had one been perfect after the culture of all the schools, could he have been expected to retain his culture 'midst the evil influences of example and precept which were rife in those rabbit hunts. For the most part the covert consisted of gorse-beds lying in patches of various dimensions on the hillsides facing the sea—hillsides bare, for the most part, of all growth save a very scanty and wiry grass, but intersected, for inscrutable reasons, by a network of the great, broad, straggling arrangements in earthwork, bramble, stunted hedge-elm, and various thorny growths which go in the West to make up a "bank." Often a watercourse would be running down one side of them. From the point of view of the scientific farmer these banks must have been a terrible waste of labor in the construction, and of land—presuming the land to have a value—in their maintenance. But the rabbits delighted in them, so did boyhood, and so did Viper.

Viper was what we called a good "hedge dog." That is to say, that if you put him into a hedge, either by indicating to him a "run" through the tangle by which he might force himself to the top of the bank, or by the

more summary method, in the absence of a "run," of throwing him into the tangle at the top, then he would continue hunting along the top of the hedge, using the "run" along the top made by the rabbits, and would never leave it until he had convinced himself that there was no rabbit sitting out on top of the hedge. These great overgrown banks very often had ditches on either side, and in that case it was necessary that a dog should hunt down each of these. The ideal method of procedure was that one or two dogs—for two noses are better than one—should hunt along the top of the bank, one dog along either ditch, and at least one dog altogether outside the hedge and ditch, on either side. The hunters on top would occasionally push an inquiring nose down, and the ditchers occasionally extend their researches upward, if they suspected any of the holes, with which the bank would be honeycombed, of concealing a rabbit. On this plan, if its practice had been as perfect as its theory, it is hard to see how a rabbit could have escaped detection. Unfortunately it did not always "work." The dog's progress along the top of the bank could not be conducted at a regular rate; it was spasmodic. The run made by the rabbits, and enlarged by dogs at many previous hunts, was continually choked by the undergrowth. For a few paces the dogs would go forward quickly, then stop, brought up by a tangle of hedge-growth and coarse grass. "He on, there, Viper!" we would cry, as the dog, crouching before the barricade, looked out through the thicket with eyes that seemed asking for encouragement. Then he would draw back a pace or two, and, bursting through the barricade with a rush, go on with a free course again. These constantly recurring stoppages allowed the ditch-dogs, who had a less impeded path, to get ahead; and often it was impossible to tell where the hedge dogs were, so thick was the screen of foliage. Often, when Viper was working the

hedge in most approved fashion, we would hear a sudden "Yap! yap!" a hundred yards or so ahead. Then there would be a general and demoralized rush of "guns" and dogs, on either side of the hedge, to the cry. We always had one gun at least on each side. The dogs outside the hedge would reach the scene of action first, where the "yap, yapping" was pushing the rabbit along through the scrub. These outside dogs would begin yapping too, rushing on ahead again to get a fair start after the rabbit when it should break covert. Then we would try to recall them, with shouting of their names in every tone of blandishment or oburgation. Generally we had to threaten them by the gesture of throwing an imaginary stone before they would return in reluctant obedience. Often the rabbit would choose this moment to break out, and in the general disorder the first barrel was usually futile. Before we could fire a second the dogs, no longer under any semblance of restraint, would be rushing perilously into the line of fire, and as likely as not the rabbit would make a bolt of it across the field, with the whole pack in full cry after him, spite of shouts and whistles and every conceivable persuasion. Viper, long before this, would have come down from his hedge-running to join in the pursuit. Eventually the dogs would come back, one after the other, rather sheepishly, with tongues hanging out and panting sides, to receive admonitions which would be quite effectual when a fresh exciting occasion presented itself.

It was not always thus. Sometimes a single shot, or oftener a volley, would roll the bunny over before the faces of the racing pack. Then it was a question of saving his carcase from the excited fury of the body-snatchers, each of whom retired, after much scolding, with at least a mouthful of fluffy fur to champ upon and taste. A more utterly demoralized school of dogs it is impossible to think of.

Or, again, it might be that the rabbit,

in his confusion, would bolt back along the hedge, right into the mouths, as it seemed, of the dogs who were conscientiously hunting it. It was quite marvellous how these back-bolting rabbits escaped. Sometimes it seemed as if they ran absolutely between the dogs' legs, and yet got off unhurt. Then the cry would continue back, up the part of the hedge which we had already hunted, sometimes going at such merry speed in the depths of the hedgerow that no running could keep up with it, and the rabbit would break covert a hundred yards off, and go joyfully across the field without a shot fired at him. Now and again it happened, however, that the dogs were too many or too agile for him, and the yapping note, changing suddenly to a snarling "worry," would proclaim that he had been "chopped" in covert.

A very frequent alternative was the diving of the rabbit down one of the many holes. Generally this manœuvre was not at once detected. The dogs in the hedge would go yapping on, not noticing in their eagerness that they had overrun the scent, and those outside would accompany them, dancing up on their hind legs for a better view of the chase and the quarry. Then the notes would die away. The dogs would begin fussing about, silently—consciously at fault. At length one would be seen scratching and digging at one of the holes, with whines in the intervals of his labor. Immediately all the others would flock to him and strive to push their noses in, before him, into the hole, receiving blinding showers of earth in the face from his shovelling paws.

"Gone to hole!" "Which hole is it, then?" "That one where the old Rover's marking."

So "the old Rover" would be drawn out, with ignominy, by the great stump of his spaniel's tail, and all the dogs would be called back, and held by the attendants while one let in "old Belzy," the polecat ferret. "Old Belzy," released from the bag in which he had, so far, enjoyed the sport, looked doubt-

fully around before he proceeded to explore the hole at whose mouth he had been released. The hole was brought to his notice more pointedly when he was taken up by his middle and thrust, head foremost, down it. He resented the indignity by drawing back and again standing doubtfully.

"There's no rabbit there," Belzy's owner would say.

"I know the rabbit's there, 'cos the old Rover marked," Rover's master would answer in high dudgeon.

Belzy seemed to have heard him. He gave himself a shake, just to get himself ready for business, then dived into the hole with avidity. "He may be there after all," his master would mutter.

Presently, after a trying interval of silence, there came a hurried rumbling in the bowels of the bank. The dogs jumped in the arms of those that held them. "Look up!" Belzy's master would say in a stage whisper. Then there was a final scurry, a swish through the thicket; the dogs made a more determined jump. "He's bolted! Let go the dogs!"

So the dogs were loosed, and rushed, with cries of eagerness, into the hedge, while Belzy, his duties finished, was consigned again to the dark obscurity of his bag.

Belzy was the biggest ferret it has ever been our lot to see, and the best. Sometimes, when there was a suspicion that a nest of young rabbits was in the hole, or when a rabbit had been wounded so badly that it was unlikely to bolt again, Belzy was let in with a string attached to the collar round his neck; and often, when the rabbit has refused to bolt, we have known Belzy's master tug on the string with force that one would have thought must have broken the little beast's neck. But, far from that, it did not even have so much effect as to make him loose his hold of the rabbit, and we have seen ferret and rabbit literally dragged out together, so that one could seize the rabbit by the ears and put an end to his sufferings even while Belzy was

still hanging like a bulldog to him. At other times the collar around his neck was ornamented by a bell, which tinkled cheerfully as he moved to and fro in the burrow, and told us his whereabouts. We were a little doubtful whether Belzy derived his name from this appendage to his collar—it was the derivation which we always favored when we spoke of him to Authority—or whether, as amongst ourselves it was sometimes whispered, it was an irreverently shortened form of the name of one of high position in the councils of evil spirits. On the whole, however, Belzy was an amiable ferret, and only under severe provocation gave any grounds for the suggested diabolical origin of his name. Now and again, it is true, he would decline to come out of the hole, in spite of all seductive allurements, such as the dangling of a dead rabbit at the mouth of the burrow; but he was never known to misbehave in this way without some such excellent reasons as a nest of tender young rabbits in the subterranean depths. On these occasions it became necessary for his master to remain behind, digging away with his spud at the orifice of the hole, and gradually enlarging it more and more until he had buried himself in mother-earth and could reach down to the place of Belzy's succulent feast.

While he was thus engaged we would go forward with our rabbiting, and presently he would overtake us with Belzy safely restored to his bag, and himself and all pertaining to him the color of the red earth of the country.

Surely a ferret's existence is the most perfect example of a life of disappointments! He spends the inactive part of it in a hutch, which is all well and good; but when he comes out to take the field he is carried, with none too gentle care, in a dark and dirty bag. Then he is let out, to go down into the darkness of the rabbit-hole, only, nine times out of ten, to see the provoking rabbit skip off out of the hole before he can get even a nip at

him; and when he follows the bunny out into the upper air he is immediately snatched up, ungently, by his middle, and thrust back again into the bag. In truth, it is nothing short of a marvel that ferrets are even as good tempered as they are, rather than a wonder that some of them are the sourest cynics.

All our rabbiting ground was on hillsides sloping down to the precipitous cliffs, so that our recollections of it alternate between a throng of shouting men and yapping dogs going along either side of one of the great fences, and a rabbit with ears erect going full speed over the dry yellow grass of the upland toward the cliff, with the blue sea far below as his background. When once the rabbits had reached the cliffs they were safe from us. They knew all the runs and tracks on the sides of the precipices; but the dogs and ferrets knew them not, and we dared not allow them to risk their precious lives.

But besides the wide overgrown fences there was covert for the rabbits in the gorse-beds which sometimes darkly dotted the hillsides, and sometimes crowned them in wonderful glory with ubiquitous golden bloom. The gorse was very beautiful, but very prickly. After these rabbit hunts we would have occupation for days in picking the prickles out of our epidermis. And if it was bad for us, certainly it was no better for the dogs. Viper was a fox-terrier, and though his coat was a little rougher than that of some, it was very poor protection against the gorse-needles. The poor little fellow's nose and eyes used to be very red and sore when the day was over; and, for all his weariness, he could scarcely rest in any position long, but must move uneasily, with whines, even in his sleep. And when he forgot his sufferings, the excitements of the day would still be with him, even in his deepest slumbers, so that he would "Zouf! zouf!" and twitch his limbs in hot pursuit of a dream-rabbit. His dreams were like our

dreams, apparently, in that he never seemed to *arrive* in them. He was always pursuing, never capturing; his dream-hunting was like the life hunting of Belzy.

We are not now able to aver that Viper was pure-bred, though there was a time when we would have resented most strongly an aspersion on his pedigree. Certainly, you could pick him up by his stump of a tail, and he would give no sign of pain; and this test we believed to be infallible. Wider experience has taught distrust of it. He had a breadth of forehead which seemed to us to denote intellect, but others have thought it to reveal a strain of the bulldog. His intellect, however, was not to be denied, nor was his heart; and his one ear that cocked, while the other drooped, added to his expression of intelligence and humor. His sense of humor was very keen, though too often it ran riot along the lines of practical joking, which was unworthy of him. Beneath the ear that cocked he had a black patch over the eye, and this was the only marking on his white coat. He was a very keen sportsman, and the sense of fear was utterly unknown to him.

If he had a fault, it was too great impetuosity. Other dogs, with skins and coats no tougher than his, would suffer far less in the gorse bushes. One, that used to hunt with us constantly, was as cunning as a serpent in avoiding the prickles. He was a warrior of the name of Turk—one-eyed, for the other had suffered in an engagement with an otter—a fox-terrier, like Viper, though of a wirier coat. The coat gave him little protection, but his cunning supplied the place of armor. Among the dogs who habitually came with us was a big, coarse spaniel with a dense coat that no thorn could pierce; and often, as we stood silent and motionless at the corner of a furze-brake (for no rabbit will venture near you unless you are both silent and motionless), we used to see Turk come, in hot pursuit, to a dense thicket of the furze. He would try

one or two runs into the thicket, but find them too small for him, and draw back. He would wait a moment, knowing that the slower-going spaniel was on his track. The spaniel would come up, burst with a crash into the thickest of the brake, making a wide avenue, through which Turk would easily follow after him without a scratch. Yet Turk was brave enough, too, when occasion demanded it, as witness his damaged eye and many other honorable scars, only he knew too much of the realities of life to go to meet unnecessary trouble. His prudent head governed his emotions. Viper was emotional first, rational afterwards.

Rabbits were not the only visitors of the great furze-brakes, though they may have been its chief regular inhabitants; but many times partridges have gone whizzing up from them, and escaped scatheless, as a rule, the shots fired after them with little regard of close seasons or game licenses. There are some temptations, as Aristotle says, which are beyond the power of human nature to resist, and among these, if the human in question be a boy, may perhaps be reckoned the very occasional partridge whirring up unexpectedly out of a furze-brake. Once, and the month was August, a great cock pheasant rose rocketing gloriously from the gorse, and as he was levelling himself for his flight to other covert, a lucky shot brought him down like the rocket's stick. Nor were we ashamed of it. As the French novelists say of love, *c'était plus fort que moi*, and deem that they have amply apologized for every shortcoming of their heroine, so it was with us, and the pheasant was picked up and borne along, with little said. Only, at the end of the furze-brake the old keeper—too old for furze-brakes, and practically too old for "keeping," had there been anything to keep—said, cocking his ears, "Hullo, what be that there?" and the hind, who was carrying the pheasant, replied, unabashed, "Oh! the dogues caught 'ee in the furze." And

so they had, only an ounce of shot from a gun had made the capture comparatively easy for them. It was said that some one had once seen a woodcock get up from one of these furze-brakes, but we held a sceptical attitude towards this woodcock.

Farther inland were plantations of big trees, beneath which we hunted the rabbits; there there was always a chance, too, of a shot at a passing wood-pigeon. There were squirrels, too, among these trees, which we were encouraged to shoot because of the damage they do in nibbling the sapling timber. Few people know how excellent a squirrel is to eat. "The gipsies eat them," we were told, as if this should be enough to make us decline them henceforward. But in truth it had rather the opposite effect, for what life is so alluring to the imagination of boyhood as a gipsy's? When once, however, we had persuaded the cook to roast a squirrel for us, it looked so nice on table that we even persuaded Authority to try a slice; and even Authority, steeped as it always is in prejudice, was forced to admit that it was "not so bad." Afterwards we began to regret that we had wrung this cordial admission from Authority, for Authority became so eager for "just a little bit to taste" that it was with difficulty that boyhood managed to keep enough (which meant a good deal in the days of growth) for itself. We were also told that gipsies ate hedgehogs, roasting them in clay; and this was food which we always aspired to taste, though we never achieved it, for the cook declined to have anything to do with such "nasty prickly things, that eats blackbeetles," and our ambitions did not urge us strongly enough to make us light an *al fresco* fire and cook the hedgehog after the gipsies' own manner.

There was no lack of hedgehogs. We often found them in the fence of our orchard at home, and sometimes came upon them in the gloaming, taking their walks abroad after insects and slugs. But those that we found

away from covert were generally young ones. We used often to bring them into the house, where they lived on the multitudes of blackbeetles which abounded in the kitchen premises, gratefully eking out existence on bread and milk. Generally they met their end by taking such a surfeit of blackbeetles as proved fatal. They used to become very tame, and some of them seemed to know us quite well.

We had one very sad day indeed on the yellow gorse-clad hills facing the sea—the day on which Viper fell over the cliff edge and right down to the rocks beneath. It was his impetuosity that brought him to it. He was an obedient dog ordinarily; but on this occasion, in swift pursuit of a rabbit, he heeded neither command nor entreaty. The rabbit whipped over the cliff edge and was into its hole as safely as a sand-martin could have flown there; but poor old Viper went at too great a speed to stop himself, and fell lumbering over. There he lay, far below, a silent, motionless flake of white on the black rock. The cliff was not at its highest at this point, or one might have spared oneself the vain pains of going down to look at him. There was a pathway just a little farther westward, which on such an occasion one could run down almost at full speed, and it did not take long to reach the dog. He made no attempt to move, only looked up with loving eyes as we came to him. His limbs did not seem to be broken, but he whined when we touched his side. Probably he had a broken rib or two. "Pore thing, he'll die, I know 'ee'll die!" was the form of consolation which the old keeper offered. But we carried him home in an ambulance made out of a coat; and all the while he lay quite still, without a whine, only looking up, and trying to repay us with a grateful smile when we spoke cheerfully to him. When we came to the house one of us rode straight off for the "vet."

Viper lay on the straw in the stables. When the dog-doctor arrived the others were just coming from the shoot-

ing. "Pore thing!" said the old keeper, looking compassionately at him. "There he be, dead! Pore thing, I know'd 'ee'd die."

But Viper was not dead, nor had any intention of dying, only this was the manner of the old keeper. Once he had said a thing would happen it must happen, according to his way of thinking, and in point of fact did happen, according to his belief. So, having said that Viper would die, the saying, in his view, was equivalent to the dog's death; and afterwards, whenever he saw Viper, who henceforward was not the dog he had been before—prematurely aged, and feeble in action, but all the dearer to us—he would say, "Pore thing! there 'ee be—might equal so well be dead, he might. Pore thing! I know'd 'ee'd die." Such are the consolations of the omniscient.

After this poor Viper was never able to take an active part in hunting. We would take him out, and he would sit beside us at the corner of a furze-brake, trembling with excitement, but never trying to go into the covert nor to work a hedge. It was a joy to him to be allowed to mouth a recently killed rabbit, and he could still do a little in the way of mole-catching and hedgehog-finding. No poor human cripple ever realized more thoroughly his own disabilities. Still, he enjoyed his life, and remained the best of comrades.

In all this retrospect one does not discover any incident at all out of the common, or such as is not likely to fall in the way of any boy. There was, however, one improbable quarry which we bagged. Down among the rocks of the foreshore, below the cliffs over which poor Viper fell, the receding tide used to leave among all the smaller pools, one that was considerably larger than the other. The water therein was quite out of our depth, as we have proved, and out of the depth even of a grown man. It was so much larger than the surrounding pools that it was quite well known to us by the name of the Mermaids' Pool. We

never saw mermaids in it, but it often happened that as we came to it we would see large fish dash away from its surface and disappear in the forest of various seaweed that fringed its sides and depths. We paddled and we dived in the pool, but never succeeded in capturing the fish. The utmost that we ever achieved was to feel a slippery elusive shape glide out of our fingers as we thrust them into the beautiful green and pink and brown weed. Even these inquiries we prosecuted with misgivings, and were mightily cautious how we trod, for once we had brought up from the depths of this pool a spiny-backed crab, a horrid red thing like an enormous spider, with thorny spikes all over his back—by no means a pleasant thing to tread on with the bare feet. Providence had not given him very powerful nipers, deeming, no doubt, that the spiny armor was sufficient protection in itself. But besides an occasional monster of this kind, multitudes of the common green crabs had their homes at the roots of the waving seaweeds, and each of them was able to welcome intrusive fingers with a pretty sharp nip. Lobsters were not to fear here, so far in from the low-water mark.

Boys do not think much about fairyland; but if ever it had occurred to us to form any conception of such a place, we could nowhere have found it so nearly realized as in this wonderful pool, into which the sunlight sank, to be reflected back in all sorts of tender hues of green and azure and purple—an opalescent mystery—with the delicate waving tresses of the many-tinted seaweed sending out quivering feelers, like those of the anemones, into it. It had its darkly mysterious depths and its brightest, sunlit surfaces, and no one could say what forms of life did not hide within it. The anemones grew larger and more beautiful in form and color here than in any other pool; and as to these fish, though we could catch but a glimpse of them as they dashed away from the surface and down into the depths at our approach,

we were certain that they were something finer and altogether different from the big-headed little dog-fishes which we caught by groping for them under the stones in the ic-sser pools. These others we called "dog-fishes" in our parlance, but likely enough they were quite a different species from the true dog-fish—sharks in little—with whom we made acquaintance at other times and by other means.

But, whatever the big-headed little fishes in the other pools were, we were quite sure that the fish which dived away into the recesses of the Mermaids' Pool were something quite different and much larger. We cast about for a way by which we might approach these unknown fish, so as to get a good sight of them before they had a sight of us; for we had little doubt that if we could come near enough unseen we might find them basking or playing on the surface of the pool.

Between the pool and the cliffs the rocks lay in a tolerably level field, affording no covert to speak of, but on the seaward side a ridge of higher rocks ran out like a spine into the sea. It was on one of the outjutting vertebræ of this spine that the cormorants loved to sit, and we conceived the notion of creeping out in the hope of stalking the cormorants, and coming back hidden by the backbone of rock from the fish in the pool. The cormorants flew off into the water before we came within many gunshots of them, and went diving and swimming farther and farther out to sea. It remained then to turn back cautiously and approach the pool. When at length we peered over the tall rock down into the pool beneath we saw a strange sight. For there indeed were fish, several of them, of large size and light color, but, far from basking quietly on the surface, they were darting continuously this way and that from one corner of the pool to another, evidently seeking for some way of escape. No doubt this was the reason of their agitated movements; they had been left by the outflowing tide, and

were in a panic-hurry to find a way of regaining the sea. Now and again one would remain still a moment, giving us a good look at him. We saw at once they were fish we were not familiar with.

"Have a shot at them," Joe suggested in a whisper.

"What's the good?" we said. "No one ever shoots fish."

"Well, it can't do any harm," he answered, quite unanswerably.

So we fired at a corner of the pool where two or three were for the moment congregated, rather than at any individual fish. There was the splash of shot in the water; chips of the rock flew back in a little gritty dust over us. Then, as the smoke cleared, we were ever so astonished to see three motionless white shapes floating in the corner into which we had fired. They were fish lying belly upwards, so successful had the shot been. It took very little while to take off shoes and socks, roll up trousers above the knee, and climb down on the ledges of the pool's side to seize two of the silvery fish. These we handed up to Joe; but as we reached out a hand to grasp the third, he gave a wriggle when our fingers touched him, and in a moment had vanished, like a passing streak of light, into the obscurities of the pool's depths.

But we had two fish in hand, which was infinitely more than we had reason to expect, and we set to admiring the soft pearliness of their backs and the silvery whiteness of their underparts. The bigger was not much less than a pound, and the smaller only a little lighter. Curiously enough, we could find no shot-holes, and have often wondered whether these fish, which turned out to be grey mullet, had been really struck by the shot at all. One is rather inclined to think that they must have been merely stunned by the shock of the report and of the shot striking the water close above them, and that they would soon have recovered, had we left them, and dived off as blithely as the third.

This was the only occasion on which we had any success in fish-shooting. We often visited the pool again, approaching it in like stealthy manner; but either there were no fish there, or they had perceived us approach, so that the Mermaids' Pool gave us no further sport. After all, it was a good three miles from home, and that was a long way to go on the bare chance of a shot at a mullet.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CHESTERFIELD.

In the year 1656 Dorothy Osborne wrote the last of her love letters to Sir William Temple; the same year saw the publication by her uncle Francis Osborne of his once famous treatise, "Advice to a Son." Though the writings of both are contemporaneous, though they were both members of the same family, it would be impossible to find two people more totally opposed, both in their views of life and in their modes of thought. Both alike possessed the art of vividly expressing their own personality in their writings, both alike are typical of their time, both give us a real insight into the feelings and interests of their day. Yet they are as wide as the poles asunder. Different in literary style, in politics, in temperament, and in their situation in life, as well as in their ages, they have given us two pictures of the society of the time, which, though both bearing the stamp of truth, resemble each other in hardly a single detail. Thanks to the energy of Mr. Parry, Dorothy Osborne is now well known, and it is unnecessary to call attention to the romantic charm of her letters and the unaffected grace of her style; once rescued from oblivion, she can never again be forgotten. Her story and her delightful self are drawn with a freshness and sureness of touch that will always awaken the sympathy of any reader in

every age; they are so absolutely human. How astonished she would be if she could know that her letters, written for the eye of one alone, had been made into a book and published. How astonished and how alarmed, for we find her writing of Lady Newcastle:—

"Have you seen a book of poems newly come out, made by my Lady Newcastle? For God's sake send it to me. They say 'tis ten times more extravagant than her dress. Sure the poor woman is a little distracted, she could never be so ridiculous else as to venture at writing books." A sentiment which even that sour old misogynist Francis Osborne would have approved. They would have agreed in little else; and yet had not the difficult course of love at last run smooth for her, she might have become as cynical as he was. For it was love that transformed her life and inspired her pen. "I shall not blush to tell you," she writes to her lover, "that you have made the whole world besides so indifferent to me that, if I cannot be yours, they may dispose of me how they please. Henry Cromwell will be as acceptable to me as any one else." Even Henry, that debauched, ungodly Cavalier, as Mrs. Hutchinson calls him. And it was hatred of love and women that particularly moved Francis Osborne. Dorothy never mentions him in her letters, but her words about one Bagshawe might very well apply to him. "Is not his name Bagshawe that you say rails on love and women? because I heard one t'other day speaking of him and commending his wit, but withal said he was a perfect Atheist. If so, I can allow him to hate us."

Francis Osborne himself would have been no less surprised at his niece's late-grown reputation, when his own name has been so completely forgotten. But he too has had his own share of fame. The "Advice" was published at Oxford in 1656; it was at once greedily bought up, and was especially admired by young scholars. In two years it passed through six editions. In 1658 certain godly ministers in the university, whom

Mr. Osborne did not scruple to describe as high-posed hypocrites, detected a flavor of Atheism in the book, and brought it under the notice of the vice-chancellor, Dr. Conant. He refused to burn it publicly, as they demanded ("such was the stupid enthusiasm of those times"), but caused its sale to be prohibited. Its popularity was at once assured, and the sale spread rapidly. Sir William Petty told Pepys that the three most popular works of the day were Brown's "Religio Medici," Butler's "Hudibras," and Osborne's "Advice." The last and twenty-second edition in a complete collection of his works was published in 1722, but from that time it steadily declined in favor. It was contemptuously noticed by Johnson, and this, with the exception of a reference by Sir W. Scott to Osborne's historical writings, is the last we hear of our author till the present day.

Soon after its publication a part of the "Advice," from its misogynistic character, aroused great debate, and a violent controversy in print raged for some time. John Heydon, the astrologer, took up the cudgels on behalf of women, and published in 1658, under the pseudonym of Eugenius Theodidactus, his "Advice to a Daughter." The astrologer does not mince his words in criticism. To him Francis Osborne is "a diseased Maccabee," a person "whose mind, could it be looked into, would prove infinitely more monstrous than his body," "a monkey who has gnawed away his tail," and seeks to persuade his son to do likewise; "a clumsy, doting old wittal," author of "a profane, Atheistical old pamphlet." He continually apostrophizes Osborne in the intervals of his argument with such exclamations as the following: "You cramp't Compendium," "Sir Kirk Dragoonier," "You Purlew of a Metempsychosis," "Spleen of a Blue-stockinged Justice," "Pigwigglin Myrmidon," "Fleabitten Canonick Weed," "Camel," "Lybian Proselyte," "Neast Gull of a young Aprocrypha."

Osborne died that same year, without replying to this remarkable effusion,

but his cause was taken up by one T. P., who rushed into print with a work called "Advice to Balaam's Ass, or Momus catechised." It is described on the title page as an "Answer to a certain scurrilous and abusive scribbler, one John Heydon, author of "Advice to a Daughter," and certainly T. P. did not neglect to pay back the astrologer in his own coin. He describes him as one "who, by the interposition of his opacous and ridiculous conceptions, malapertly endeavors to eclipse the splendor of an eminent author." After rating him soundly as a "Master of Gotham College, a grand proficient in Bacchus' school, and meriting to be chief professor of Billingsgate," he addresses him as "thou embryo of a history, thou cadet of a pamphleteer, thou Geoffrey in swabberslops, thou little negro, mounted on the elephant of thine own folly," and advises him in "the next book you choke the Prels with (for all your works are very dry), prostrate yourself in an ingenious recantation at the feet of grave and learned Mr. Osborne." He concludes, "I fight this great gyant, whose thundering name would affright many, although nothing is able to terrify me, except non-permission to subscribe myself, Your ready servant, T. P."

Such were the amenities of literary and educational controversy in the days of the Commonwealth.

The author of this notable work, the object of so much admiration and so much abuse, was born in 1593. He was the youngest of the five sons of Sir John Osborne, of Chicksands Priory. To the neglect of his education, as he tells us, he was kept at home till his sixteenth year, and then met with the usual fate of a younger son in those days,—he was sent to London to seek his fortune. Hanging about the court, he attracted the attention of the Earl of Pembroke, who made him a steward in his household, and finally master of his horse. Later he obtained a post in the office of the lord treasurer's remembrancer, which seems to have been a sort of family perquisite. About 1650 he removed to live at Oxford, partly to

superintend the education of his son, to whom the "Advice" is addressed, and for whom he procured a Fellowship at All Souls', and partly, no doubt, because then, as now, Oxford was a pleasant place of residence. Here, through the influence of his brother-in-law, Colonel William Draper, a strong Parliamentarian, he obtained some employment under the Commonwealth.

These are the bare outlines of his life, but they tell us little that can account for the extraordinary cynicism that animates his work, and the gloomy pessimism that is apparent on every page. The "Advice" is that of a man thoroughly beaten and battered in the tempest of life, prematurely aged and soured by many disappointments and sorrows, a man utterly devoid of any enthusiasm or strong belief, who feels that the world is a bad one, and can only be made tolerable by following the dictates of prudence and avoiding rather than surmounting obstacles. Mingled with all this, he displays much worldly shrewdness and true observation; but though his directions are generally extremely moral in themselves, yet they are often based upon very unworthy motives. Osborne belonged to a type which must have been very common at the time; excellent, quiet men, good citizens, thoroughly commonplace in sentiment, but above all heartily sick of the turmoil and clatter of those "intoxicated times." In politics they called themselves Parliamentarians, because they hoped from that side most chance of settled government, but they were far removed from out and out partisanship, and indeed were ready to change over without difficulty to whichever party seemed most likely to succeed.

The lines of party cleavage were extremely vaguely defined; Osborne speaks approvingly of Charles the First in spite of his own proclivities. Possibly the position he took up may have estranged him from his family, for the Osbornes were a sturdy race of Cavaliers, and Sir Peter, his brother, lost health and fortune in fighting for the king. But difference in politics could coexist with

the closest ties of family intimacy, witness the Verney family—Sir Edmund, the standard-bearer, lost his life at Edgehill in the royal cause, Sir Ralph, his son, was a Parliament man, while another son, Edmund, was an enthusiastic Cavalier and was massacred at Drogheda. The account of himself given by Lilly, the astrologer, in his autobiography, sums up the views of a good many of his contemporaries. "At first," he says, "I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, but afterwards I engaged body and soul in the cause of the Parliament, but still with much affection to his Majesty's person and unto monarchy." The wide prevalence of such sentiments goes far to account for the ease with which the Restoration was accomplished.

The "Advice" is divided into five sections, on Studies, Love and Marriage, Travel, Government, and Religion. A second part was afterwards published, but this is of little importance compared with the first, and its aphorisms are much more commonplace and obvious. The section on Studies contains much shrewd observation on men and manners, dressed in language sometimes very quaint and epigrammatic. It lays down some directions for study, which sound oddly to modern ears, and its maxims of conduct, if generally sound and prudent, are not based upon very exalted motives.

Some of his general principles of education are worth quoting for their felicity of expression. "A few books well studied and thoroughly digested nourish the understanding more than hundreds gargled in the mouth, as ordinary students use," and "huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labor and inventions, but afford less of what is delicate, savory and well concocted, than smaller pieces."

An observation upon "collegiate discipline, that all the reverence to superiors learned in the hall and chapel is lost in the irreverent discourse you hear of them in your chambers," would seem to us to indicate that Osborne had

a true appreciation of undergraduate ways, but the eagle eye of Heydon detected in the simple words a design to restore the Jesuitical doctrine of passive obedience.

Osborne has a wholesome feeling that "a sole academick education renders men pedantick," and accordingly urges on his son not to "take them for a pattern that do make all places to rattle with Latin and Greek." When he comes to discuss particular studies, he, as an historian himself, has a regard for history, but thinks it all the same full of likely falsehood. The ordinary university course has of course to be the basis, but, if time allows, some inspection should be made into physic, for "the intricacy of the study is not great," and "it will add to your welcome wherever you go, it being usual especially for ladies to yield no less reverence to their physicians than to their confessors." Surely grave and learned Mr. Osborne must have noted that down in the hot days of youth, when the fair sex was not always so disagreeable to him, and we cannot think that he had much acquaintance with Dr. Harvey and his doctrines.

Languages, again, are strictly condemned, especially for an intending diplomat, because treating with foreign princes in their own tongue is beneath English dignity; moreover, an interpreter will give time to recall a hasty speech and afford leisure for deliberation. "It is besides too much an honoring of their tongue and undervaluing your own to profess yourself a master therein, especially since they scorn to learn yours." The first and wisest Earl of Pembroke thought so too, "for he did return an answer to the Spanish ambassador in Welsh, for which I have heard him highly commended," though probably not by the Spaniard. Poetry proclaims your head like "ships of war, fuller of trimming than lading, and music is likewise condemned, especially for women, for they "do not rarely decline in modesty proportionately to the progress they make in Musick, and (if handsome) are traps baited at both ends, and catch strangers as often as

their husbands, no less tired with the one than the other."

If the son Osborne followed the advice of his father, he must have been a very respectable and cautious citizen, but he could not have been a very agreeable or trustworthy friend. He is to wear good clothes and ride a good horse, for those go to a gentleman; he must be careful to abstain from speaking freely of persons in authority, especially since it is not unlawful to obey those whose steps to the throne are washed in blood, as shown by the story of the Centurion in the Gospel. But great persons in distress must be avoided; he must never go bail either for friends or relations; only persons who are likely to be useful must be courted, and these at the least expense. In saving another he is to "beware of drowning himself, for swimming is good, but not out of your depth." The great receipt for success in life is impudence. "It is as useful in court as armor in a camp, and by it Scotchmen go further with a shilling than an Englishman can ordinarily pass for a crown." It is a curious commentary on the times that Osborne should have thought it necessary to warn his son that "it is an office unbecoming a gentleman to be an Intelligencer, which in real truth is no better than a spy." Unfortunately the reason appears to be that they "are often tortured and die miserably." Yet Tom Verney, that incorrigible rogue of the Verney family, in spite of adding this profession to many other low and disreputable practices, managed to reach the ripe age of over ninety years, though possibly he died miserably at last.

Under the same head of Studies come a number of very miscellaneous directions for the conduct of life; this excellent father does not hesitate to descend into very minute details. We will hope that he was moved rather by general considerations than by the particular behavior of his son, the Fellow of All Souls', when he warned him not to eat at meals "as long as you are able, especially in England, where meat, aptest to inveigle the stomach, comes last," to get up as soon as sleep left him, and

not to drink, "being hot, unless Sack," not a very satisfying drink, we should have thought, to the thirsty soul even of a fellow of a college. "Such thirst," he goes on, "is better quenched by gargles, Liqueurish, a cherry or Tobacco, the use of which I neither persuade nor prohibit, having taken it myself since sixteen without any extraordinary marks of good or ill, but cannot approve of nosing or swallowing it down."

Apparently the youth of sixteen had occasionally indulged in other solaces besides tobacco, if we may judge from the feeling way he writes in his old age about drunkenness. "If unfortunately overtaken by such a distemper, do not move from the place you received it in, by which some part of the shame may be avoided and more of the danger attending the irregular motions of this giddy spirit."

A thorough condemnation of the distemper would have been more becoming, especially from so respectable a mentor, but on the question of duelling he is certainly ahead of his time. From a different point of view he might be said to display a thoroughly craven temper. After so many years spent amid alarms of war, the smell of blood is absolutely hateful to him—wit is a better defence than the sword. Although "if an injury hath been received of so rank a nature as to extort (in point of honor) an unsavory word, never suitable to the mouth of a gentleman, swordsmen do advise to second it with a blow by way of prevention; yet this their decree not being confirmed by Act of Parliament, I cannot find it suitable with Prudence or Religion to make the sword the Umpire." Caution descends into timidity when we are told "not to prosecute a coward too far, lest he turn vallant to your disadvantage," but it is more in place in the recommendation "not to speak disgracefully of any at ordinaries or public meetings, lest some friend or kinsmen being there should force you to a base recantation."

Francis Osborne is no lion-hearted hero; certainly he will venture no risks for distressed damsels, even in the modern form of "Ushering them to

Plays, Maskes or other such public Spectacles." That should be avoided nearly on the same principles that "dogs are not to be carried to Court for fear of such as may spurn them." We cannot praise very highly the morality which condemns making love to a married woman, because it increases "not only the sin, but also the danger; neither can you, if questioned by her husband, use with hope of victory any sharper weapon than Repentance sheathed in a modest excuse."

But these disparaging remarks on woman are merely the preliminary murmurs of the storm that is about to burst on their devoted heads. In the section on Love and Marriage, Francis Osborne gives his dislikes for the sex full play. Nothing is too bad for them—they are the curse of life. No doubt the good Francis was not eager to provide his son with an allowance sufficient for maintaining a wife, but such a desire cannot wholly account for the intense passion with which he denounces marriage. In the conclusion of his work he tells us that it is founded on his own miserable experience, and we cannot help suspecting that in the days before he wooed the excellent Anne Draper he must have met with some cruel disappointment which lasted on through his married life and permanently soured his temper. Still, however forgiving a wife may be to her husband's past, even the most accommodating spouse must have felt some indignation when she read her husband's remarks on marriage.

If ever marriages were on all sides happy (which is no schism to doubt of), experience never found them amongst such as had no other nealing but what they received from the flames of love. Those virtues and graces and reciprocal desires bewitched affection expected to meet and enjoy, fruition and experience will find absent, and nothing left but a Painted Box which children and time will empty of delight, leaving diseases behind, and at best incurable antiquity.

Love is a storm in which all must be tossed, but we must not be shipwrecked by trusting to its false glamour, for mar-

riage is a precipice yawning before the unwary like a trap set for flies. Many are led into it by the attractions of beauty, and the dreadful result is graphically painted: "Make not a celebrated beauty the object of your choice, unless you are ambitious of rendering your house as populous as a confectioner's shop, to which the gaudy wasps no less than the liquorish flies make it their business to resort in hope of obtaining a lick at your Honeypot." The poor crowded-out husband is forbidden the luxury of rudeness; he must "attend in patience, till his Worship, or perhaps his Lordship, hath pumped his wit dry, having no more compliments left, but to take his leave." Even as regards beauty itself, if you consider it alone, "quite discharged from such debentures as it owes to the arts of Tirewomen, Tailors, Shoemakers, and perhaps Painters, you will find the remains so inconsiderable as scarce to deserve your present thoughts."

There is no remedy anywhere, for the English laws (even in the days when there was no thought of Married Women's Property Acts or female franchise) "are composed so far in favor of wives as if our ancestors had sent women to their Parliaments, whilst their Heads were a-woolgathering at home."

It may indeed be "strongly presumed that the hand of policy first hung this Padlock" (of marriage) "on the liberty of men, and after custom had lost the key, the Church, according to her wonted subtlety, took upon her to protect it." "Nevertheless the wily priests are so tender of their own conveniences, as to forbid all marriage to themselves upon as heavy a punishment as they do Polygamy unto others. While to render it more glib to the wider swallow of the much abused Laity they have gilt it with the glorious epithet of a Sacrament, which yet they loath to clog their stomachs withall." Truly a curious theory of the origin of priestly celibacy. In Dorothy Osborne's letters there is a remarkable parallel to this passage.

What an age we do live in, where 'tis a miracle if in ten couples that are married,

two of them live so as not to publish to the world that they cannot agree. I begin to be of your opinion of him that (when the Roman church just propounded whether it were not convenient for priests not to marry) said that it might be convenient enough, but sure it was not our Saviour's intention; for he commanded that all should take up their cross and follow him, and for his part he was confident that there was no such cross as a wife.

And yet two centuries have rolled away and marriage still flourishes as an institution, and still people are found to announce its supposed failure as a new and startling phenomenon of the present day. Two centuries hence somebody will probably be making the same discovery.

But Francis Osborne is no faddist; he draws rein a little: he recognizes that marriage may be a necessity after all, he remembers that he too has a wife (whose virtues, he prudently adds, are inferior to none), and, like the sensible worldly man he is, goes on to show how union with these "peevish daughters of our beldame Eve" may best be made enduring. The best brought up dowager could not disapprove of his principles. "Though nothing can wholly disengage marriage from such inconveniences as may obstruct felicity, yet they are best palliated under a great estate, all other arguments receiving commonly refutation from Time and Experience." "The yoke of Marriage must be lined with the richest stuff and softest outward conveniences, else it will gall your neck and heart," and a "Poor marriage entitles shame and misery upon Posterity, who receive little warmth from the Vertue, much less from the Beauty of their mother." But when we have once made up our minds to marry an heiress, we must proceed with extreme caution; popular rumor is so apt "to dilate a portion or jointure beyond its natural limits." We must look well to our settlements, lest they lead to litigation, "by which husbands are tied to a black box more miserable than that of Pandora, there being in the Law hope of nothing but troubles and injustice."

A widow is worst of all, for she often has her fortune tied up so as to "make him thrash for a pension, who ought to command all." Ladies were probably smaller in stature in those days; it would not be always safe to apply the remedy of wife-beating now. These concessions made, Osborne begins to be alarmed lest he has gone too far, and lest his son should construe his words into a general approval of marriage. This cannot be allowed on any terms, and a solemn warning is given that "to hang a neat wench, like a fair picture, in your heart and turn host to a bare holly bush, is so high a blasphemy against discretion that would exceed pity and forgiveness, especially in relation to you, that have had these rocks marked out for you on all sides by the advice of an indulgent father." It is to be hoped that the indulgence was shown in practice, for the father goes on to point out that children are mere nuisances, nothing more to us than the paring of our nails, whose loss should be accepted with composure. Even the wish to have a successor to carry on the family name is very silly: "it is the poorest way of immortalizing that can be, and as natural to a cobbler as a prince, and not seldom reached out by a grave stone."

But above all, again and again, he cries, Do not marry for Love—once make yourself a pupil to him, and "he shall persuade you to make a league with misery, and embrace Beggary for a friend, and after this you are capable of no higher honor than to be registered in one of his Martyrological Ballads and sung by Dairy Maids to a pitiful tune."

There is no record of how the son received all this excellent advice, but if he had known what we know of some of the incidents of his father's early life it is certain that he would have smiled a good deal. There is extant a letter of his to a friend in which, in language extraordinarily coarse and vulgar, he persuades him not to marry a rich but very ugly and deformed old maid, for reasons quite different from these sage arguments. And there is also another letter, which might have been written

by some gay Cavalier, to two sisters, one black and the other fair, so that "I might comprize in one letter the total sum of all the perfection in womanhood," and ending, "To both I remain an equal captive." Still more, the enemy of poetry and the stern hater of women once committed himself so far as to write "Lines to a Looking-glass."

Tell me, dear glass, by what strange art
Thou bearest her image without breaking.
When the same form doth burst my heart
Just at the moment I am speaking.

Perhaps, if the original of that image had been less obdurate, the "Advice" might have been very different in tone. At any rate the romance had long since passed, and whether this was the key to his sombre temper or not, Francis would have rated soundly any such outburst from his son. But we see that he had reason for his concluding remark, "Youth may at present make much of this look like blasphemy, but when so many winters have snowed on your head as on your father's, you will think it canonical and fit to be read to posterity."

Love and Marriage disposed of, Osborne turns to the discussion of Travel. The Englishman was ever a globe-trotter, but at that time the Continent was particularly crowded with refugees of all kinds, and, if we can trust Osborne's remarks upon the Englishman abroad, it is not difficult to account for their bad reputation. English clergymen abroad are peculiarly distasteful to him, and indeed all Englishmen should be avoided, because they are so quarrelsome and inclined to mock at foreign ways and indulge in odious comparisons, which land them in dangerous disputes. He gives much careful advice about the danger of inns or chance acquaintances, and the folly of bestowing tips at your departure when you have no intention of returning; one injunction in particular is very quaintly worded—namely, to avoid giving or receiving any favor from women, "there being none any ways acceptable, to which some Ruffin (in Italy called Braves, who will murder a man for a

crown) doth not pretend an interest, either as a husband, kinsman or servant."

In fact, so many are the dangers of travel, that it is very doubtful whether any should travel at all, but here we must yield to popular opinion; yet "those only should travel (and that only in company with Ambassadors or persons of quality) who carry over large and thriving talents, and do not bury them in the Levity of France, the Pride of Spain, and the Treachery of Italy." If people are not well educated, by travelling they merely add "Affectation to Folly and Athelism to Curiosity—like the factors of Solomon they bring home Apes and Peacocks as well as Gold."

The two remaining sections contain Osborne's views on Government and Religion. They are such as might have been expected from the author of a pamphlet persuading to a "mutual compliance with the present government." Throughout there runs the same worldly shrewdness, mixed with a cowardice so great as almost to amount to folly, and a tendency to choose the winning side so eager as to be almost imprudent. "A quick invasion cannot but be deemed better than a buried valor," that was the mainspring of his policy. "Submit quickly," he says, "to any power Providence shall be pleased to mount into the saddle without inquiring into their rights," and "give any acknowledgment required by authority," and "be not licorish after change, for he that seeks perfection upon earth, leaves nothing new for the saints to find in heaven."

How a man of such truly conservative principles can ever have been a Roundhead is difficult to conceive, till we remember that to follow the winning side was a higher principle still; loyalty he could not understand; he could not make his living by the king, so why should he support him? Rather, he says, "follow the stream of the City of London; it is sure to win." Yet for all this kind of sordidness one or two redeeming virtues shine out. Osborne is no snob. "Despise none for meanness of birth, yet do not ordinarily make

them your companions, unless you find them clarified by excellent parts or gilded by fortune or powers."

Osborne's attitude to the politics of the day was that of a spectator, and he can observe and criticise with some acuteness; but we cannot respect a man who stands aside in such momentous times, though there must have been many of like mind with him. The opportunist principles which are at least excusable in politics become repulsive when applied to religion. God and the magistrates are coupled together as nearly equal objects of reverence; the conscience should be kept tender, "but not so raw as to winch and kick at all you understand not, nor let it baffle your wit out of the bounds of discretion."

But with all this Osborne has a kind of saving common sense and philosophic toleration about him, which makes him appear very much ahead of his times, and retrieves our bad opinion of him. That "Religions do not naturally differ so much in themselves as fiery and uncharitable men pretend." is one of the cardinal points of his faith.

On the subject of witchcraft he is especially sensible. It is curious to read his mention of the frequent execution of witches, "too common among us," and his blame of the "Ignorance of the Judges, malice of witnesses, and stupidity of the poor parties accused." He goes on:—

Be therefore not hasty to register all you understand not in the black calendar of Hell, as some have done by the weapon salve, passing by the cure of the king's evil, altogether as improbable to the sense. Neither rashly condemn all you meet with that contradicts the common received opinion, lest you remain a fool upon record, as the pope doth that anathematized the Bishop of Salzburg for maintaining Antipodes, since the branding of one truth contains more disrepute than the bronch-ing of ten errors.

The spirit of worldly prudence, the fear of disrepute, is still his motive at bottom, and the same appears in his advice (strange from a son of the owner

of Chicksands Priory) "not to let the cheapness or conveniency of Church lands tempt you to their purchase; for tho' I have not observed vengeance so nimble in this world as divines pretend," yet the enmity of the clergy, supported as they are by "prayers or policy," is not to be lightly encountered, and there is also the "danger and shame of refunding in case a contrary zeal should possess the people."

The last paragraph in the section on Religion seems to hint that "grave and learned Mr. Osborne" once yielded to the Puritan falling of preaching sermons at inopportune moments, and suffered in consequence. He is wiser now, for he writes: "Do not use funereal discourses before Princes or men in power, who hate nothing so much as the thought of their own mortality, and, therefore, are unlike to be pleased with the messengers of it."

Though princes and men in power may hate the thought of their own mortality, the prospect of death has no terrors for Francis Osborne. To him it is but a haven of rest, almost ardently desired after long tossing on the waters of affliction. Nothing can be more touching and pathetic than the change which comes over him as he contemplates his approaching end. Standing in the presence of the Veiled Figure, with the shadows fast deepening around him, the crust of cynicism and worldly prudence crumbles away, the mistaken wisdom of experience turns suddenly to nothingness, the scoffing voice is hushed, and out of the depth of his heart he speaks the truth at last. He seems to forget all that he has written in the bitterness of his soul; after all, he, too, has had a wife and children and knows the feelings of a husband and a father, nature is too strong for him, and his final maxims are of the old-fashioned type, more profitable and more true than the new-fangled systems of a thousand cynical philosophers.

"Bear always," he says, "a filial reverence to your dear mother, and let not her old age, if she attain it, seem tedious unto you." "Therefore, in case of my death (which weariness of the world

will not suffer me to adjourn so much as by a wish), do not proportion your respect by the mode of other sons, but to the greatness of her desert, beyond requital in relation to us both." "Continue in love and amity with your sister, and help her when you are able."

It may be silly to wish for children to immortalize your name, but yet our stern critic is found exclaiming, "Let no time expunge his memory, that gave you the first tincture of erudition, to which he was more invited by love than profit, no less than his incomparable wife."

He turns to directions for his funeral.

Bury me simply, for he that lies under the Herse of Heaven is convertible into sweet herbs and flowers, that may rest in such bosoms as would shriek at the Ugly Buggs may possibly be found crawling in the magnificent tomb of Henry the Seventh. That man were better forgotten that hath nothing of greater moment to register his name by than a grave.

Neither can I apprehend such horror in Death as some do that render their lives miserable to avoid it, meeting it oftentimes by the same way they take to shun it. Death, if he may be guest at by his elder brother Sleep (borne before he was thought of, and fell upon Adam, ere he fell from his Maker), cannot be so terrible a messenger, being not without much ease, if not some voluptuousness. Besides, nothing in this world is worth coming from the house-top to fetch it, much less from the deep Grave, furnished with all things because empty of desires.

Empty of desires, yes, but empty too, as far as Osborne was concerned, of hopes and beliefs, and possibly the feeling that life as well as death was no less empty, was no small factor in the gloom that overshadowed him. How sadly he writes, "If a stronger propensity to Religion resides in Age than Youth (which I wish I had no cause to doubt of). It relates more to the Temperature of the Body, than any Improvement of the mind;" and his creed, as he sums it up, is but cold and comfortless. "To conclude, let us serve God with what reverence we are able, and do all the good we can, making as little unneces-

sary work for repentance as is possible."

An elastic formula, serving equally for the saint and the sinner, good, perhaps, in practice with some great principle as a motive behind it, but bad as an ideal.

Francis Osborne was not and could not be a preacher of high ideals; his advice is a true reflex of himself, with all his frailties and failings. No one is more aware of these than himself; conceit was certainly not among his faults, and after travelling so long in his company we cannot but feel some affection and pity for him as he concludes:—

Thus I have left you finished, dear son, a Picture of the World; in this at least like it, that it is frail and confused, being an original and not a copy, no more foreign help having been employed in it than what my own miserable experience had imprinted in my memory. And as you have by trial already found the truth of some of these, so I must earnestly beg of you to trust the rest, without thrusting your fingers, like a child, into those flames in which your father hath formerly been burnt, and so add to the multitude of inconveniences he is forced to leave you by inheritance.

Now you are taught to Live; there's nothing I Esteem worth learning, but the way to Die.

There let us leave him; he has long been resting in the haven he desired, but he ought not to be wholly forgotten, for though his other merits may be disputed, at least he can express himself in good English. Peace be to his ashes; he had but little ease in life.

SIDNEY PEEL.

From Good Words.
THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS A COURT OF APPEAL.

The House of Lords looms large in party controversy, and volumes have been written about its functions as a branch of the legislature. But there is one aspect of the House with which

the public, generally speaking, is unfamiliar, and that is when it sits as the Supreme Court of Appeal from the Courts of Justice of the United Kingdom. The House of Lords is the ultimate resort of the suitor who feels that an injustice has been done him by the decision of any of the law courts. In such a case its judgment is final and irrevocable.

Every peer has, in theory, the right to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords whether it sits as a Court of Appeal or as a branch of the legislature, but lay peers have long since ceased to interfere in the appellate jurisdiction of the House over the judgments of the law courts. These functions have practically, since the Revolution, been solely discharged by law lords. But by an act passed in 1824 every lay peer was bound to attend the House when it sat as a Court of Appeal, at least once in a session, under a penalty of £50. Three lords constitute a House for judicial as well as for legislative purposes; and the object of the statute in compelling the attendance of lay peers by rotation was to secure a quorum for appellate business. The court often consisted of the lord chancellor or some other law lord and two lay peers, but the decision of the appeal was left entirely to the law lord. The lay peers were simply dumb figures brought in to comply with the Standing Order which requires the presence of three lords before business can be proceeded with. They were not permitted to take any part in the determination of the matter heard before them.

It was not a satisfactory condition of affairs which thus left to one lord the final decision of the important question, whether the Court of Justice from which the appeal was taken was right or wrong in its judgment. But that was not all. The High Court of Parliament was said to be open to every one who felt aggrieved by the verdict of a law court. There is something noble and inspiring in this idea of Parliament being ever ready to re-

dress any injustice that may have been committed in the administration of the law; but what a mockery and a delusion it proved to the suitor who on appealing to Parliament to correct the errors in law of the lord chancellor in the Court of Chancery, found Parliament represented by the very same judge by whose judgment he felt he was sorely wronged.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made in recent years to remedy this state of things before a satisfactory solution was found. With a view to strengthening the legal element in the House by increasing the number of lords who had been judges of the High Courts, the queen, on the advice of Lord Palmerston's government, in 1856 revived the dignity of life peers, which had been long in abeyance, and created Sir John Parke, formerly one of the barons of the exchequer, Baron Wensleydale "for and during the term of his natural life." The House of Lords, however, decided that the title did not carry with it the right to sit or vote in the House; and a hereditary peerage had to be conferred on Baron Wensleydale before he could take part in the appellate business of the House.

So matters remained until 1872, when Lord Hatherley, the lord chancellor of Mr. Gladstone's administration, brought in a bill to abolish the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords, as well as of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which hears appeals from Colonial law courts, and to create instead an Imperial Supreme Court of Appeal. The feeling among the lords was strongly against any invasion of their ancient privilege to revise on appeal the judgments of the courts of law, and the bill consequently had to be withdrawn. But in the following year Lord Selborne—who succeeded to the Woolsack in the same administration on the resignation of Lord Hatherley owing to failing eyesight—introduced another Supreme Court of Judicature Bill, which passed both Houses. The Lords had now surrendered by act of Parliament their

ancient appellate jurisdiction. However, they soon regretted their action, but not too late to recall it. Before the act could come into operation feeling turned against it, and it remained a dead letter. In 1876, Lord Cairns—then the lord chancellor of Mr. Disraeli's administration—introduced the Appellate Jurisdiction Act which is now in operation. By this statute the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords was restored or rather preserved and their efficiency as a Court of Appeal improved.

The House sitting as a Court of Appeal was formerly constituted, as we have seen, of one law lord and two lay peers. The Act of 1876 provides that at least three law lords shall be present at the hearing and determination of appeals. Law lords are of three kinds: (1) the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, for the time being; (2) peers of Parliament who have held high judicial office—that is, have been lord chancellor of Great Britain or Ireland, or a judge of one of the superior courts of England, Ireland, or Scotland; or a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and (3) four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary.

The Lords of Appeal in Ordinary were specially created by the act to assist the House in the discharge of its judicial functions. The qualifications required of a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary is that he has held high judicial office for not less than two years, or that for not less than fifteen years he has been a practising barrister in England or Ireland, or a practising advocate in Scotland. There is a salary of £6000 a year, and the rank of a baron for life, attached to the office. A Lord of Appeal in Ordinary also receives a writ of summons to sit and vote as a peer in the House of Lords, sitting as a branch of the legislature; but his dignity as a Lord of Parliament does not descend to his heir.

The lord chancellor and, in his absence, the senior law lord present, presides when the House sits for the hearing of appeals. Law peers may attend

if they please. Indeed, there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent them from voting when the time comes for the House to decide whether the appeal shall be dismissed, or the decision of the court below reversed. But the hearing of appeals, as well as the decision, is now left entirely to the law lords.

An appeal to the House of Lords may be made from any order or judgment of the Court of Appeal in England, the Court of Appeal in Ireland, or the Court of Session in Scotland in a civil suit. Before the case has reached any of these courts, it must, of course, have been heard and decided in another tribunal, so that the question at issue has been the subject of a judgment in at least two courts—the court in which the suit originated and the Court of Appeal—ere it comes finally before the House of Lords. If the party who has lost in the Court of Appeal has his faith in the justice of his cause still unshaken, or is advised by his counsel that the decision of the courts is against the law, he may obtain from the House of Lords a definite, fixed, and final judgment on the legal point at issue. This unquestionable interpretation of the law by the highest legal luminaries of the land is an expensive luxury. The appellant who seeks to have the decision of the courts below reversed or varied, must give, as security for costs—should the decision of the House of Lords be against him—his recognizance or personal obligation to the amount of £500, and the bond of a surety for £200. The respondent, or the party who defends the judgment of the Court of Appeal—which has been given in his favor—is not required to give security for costs, but if the decision of the House is against him, he may be required to bear a portion of the expenses of the appellant.

But giving security for costs is not the only preliminary required of the appellant. An appeal to the House of Lords is brought by way of petition. It must be addressed "to the Right

Honorable the House of Lords," and set forth that it is "the humble petition and appeal" of so-and-so, praying that the judgment in such-and-such a case "may be reviewed before her Majesty the queen in her Court of Parliament, in order that the said court may determine what of right and according to the law and custom of this realm, ought to be done in the subject-matter of such appeal." The petition must be printed on parchment, and the reasonableness of its prayer must be certified by two counsel, who have either appeared for the appellant before the Court of Appeal, or propose to plead for him before the House of Lords. Forty copies of the respective cases of the appellant and the respondent, which form the subject matter of the appeal, printed in clear type on quarto sheets, and bound in book form, at the expense of the appellant, must be lodged with the petition in the office of the House of Lords; and it is also required that ten copies of the book are to be bound in purple cloth for the use of the law lords.

The House of Lords sits as a Court of Appeal—unaffected by the prorogation or even the dissolution of Parliament—on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays throughout the legal year, if, of course, there is business to be done from half past ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. The public are admitted to the House. It is, however, seldom that a visitor, inspired solely by curiosity, makes his way there, and yet it is a very interesting experience. The House of Lords sitting as a Court of Appeal is, in its composition, its procedure, and its environment, utterly unlike any other Court of Justice in the land. The lord chancellor enters the chamber at half past ten in his long flowing robe and full-bottomed wig. He is preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, bearing the Mace on his shoulder, and by the purse-bearer, carrying the gorgeously embroidered satchel which is supposed to hold the Great Seal, of which the lord chancellor is the lord-keeper. The

lord chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack, and the Mace is placed behind him to indicate that the House is sitting. The proceedings of the House always open with devotions. When the House meets for legislative business, prayers for the queen and for light and leading in the deliberations are recited by one of the bishops. Similar invocations are now read by the lord chancellor, and the responses are given by the other law lords.

But the doors of the chamber have not yet been opened for the litigants and their counsel. Besides the lord chancellor and the law lords, the only persons present at devotions are the sergeant-at-arms, one of the three clerks of the House, who take minutes of its proceedings, orders, and judgments, and the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. After prayers, the clerk reads the title of the first case on the list. "Call in the parties in the case," says the lord chancellor to the yeoman usher, and the doors are thereupon thrown open. The lawyers, litigants, and general public assemble at the Bar, which is marked by a low oak partition running across the chamber immediately inside the portals. In the centre there is a sort of pen, enclosed by a light rail, in which the Speaker stands when the Commons are summoned by Black Rod to the House of Lords; and here the counsel for both the appellant and the respondent and their solicitors instructing them are accommodated. At the other end of the chamber is the throne on which the queen sits when she opens Parliament. In person, but its beauties are now veiled by a red cloth covering. In front of the Throne is the Woolsack, a large lounge without any back or arms, upholstered in scarlet leather. In the centre of the floor is the clerks' table. At each side, running up from the floor to the wall, with its wainscot assist the House in the discharge of its benches divided by two gangways. The windows at each side are of stained glass, representing the ancient sovereigns of the realm; between them

are dark-tinted effigies in stone of the mail-clad barons of Magna Charta, and the roof is a mass of gold and colors. It is a superb chamber—a fitting place, indeed, for the Supreme Court of Appeal.

The lord chancellor comes down from the Woolsack when the doors of the chamber are opened, and takes his seat at a temporary table, spread with a scarlet cloth, placed between the Bar and the massive table which is used by the clerks. The other law lords sit on the front benches close to the Bar, each with a small movable table before him, containing pens, ink, and paper, and the purple-bound book in which the proofs on which the rival parties in the suit respectively rely are given in a clear and compact form. Unlike the lord chancellor, their lordships are without wigs and gowns, and in ordinary morning attire.

The case opens at once. No preliminary objections of a technical nature or applications for adjournment are allowed. Such points are previously dealt with by a committee of the House called the Appeal Committee, which is appointed at the opening of every session to relieve the House sitting as a Court of Appeal, of the work of seeing that the Standing Orders have been complied with by appellants, and of dealing with respondents' objections to the appeal or applications for an extension of time. There is no bustle and no excitement. Gravity, dignity, and decorum reign supreme. No witnesses are examined, and there is no jury.

Browbeating is therefore unknown in the Lords, and dialectic sparring between opposing lawyers would be undignified and ineffectual before the highest legal luminaries in the realm.

An absolute rule of the House is that one or two counsel can be heard on each side. The lawyer addressing the House stands at the centre of the Bar, and lays down, in a placid, conversational style, the facts of the case and the points of law on which he relies for a verdict. There is no hurry in this

grave and solemn tribunal. Counsel leisurely unfolds the case of his client, or supports it, and his long and apparently interminable address is listened to with unwearied patience and the closest attention by the law lords. The calm serenity of the atmosphere of the House, and the cool, dispassionate deliberation of the judge, soothe you, even if you be an anxious and excited party in the case; but, all the same, I hope the only capacity in which the reader will ever enter the House of Lords, sitting as a Court of Appeal, is that of lawgiver, or else of a casual visitor.

Judgment is not delivered at the close of the arguments. Knotty legal problems, or delicate and difficult points of equity, are always involved in these appeals and plenty of time is therefore taken by their lordships to consider their verdict. When at last their lordships have made up their minds, the agents in the case are informed of the day on which the House will deliver its decision.

The chamber does not display on the day of judgment quite the same aspect that it wore on the day the arguments were heard. The law lords are again sitting on the front benches close to the Bar, with their little tables in front of them; but the lord chancellor is now on the Woolsack. In a moment he rises, and advancing to the clerks' table, reads from a manuscript his judgment, concluding by moving that the order or verdict appealed from be affirmed, altered or reversed, as the case may be. He is followed by the other law lords, in the order of precedence, each in like manner reading from a manuscript, reasons justifying the decision at which he has arrived. It will be noticed that all begin their addresses with the phrase "My lords." It is another of the fictions of the House that they are not judges delivering judgment in a case, but members of a deliberate assembly stating in debate the reasons why the House should take a certain course on the question before it.

When all the law lords have spoken, the question is put in the same form as if the House were sitting for legislative purposes. If the lord chancellor has arrived at a decision hostile to the appellant, he says: "The question is that this appeal be dismissed. As many as are of that opinion will say 'content;' and of the contrary opinion 'non-content;'" and he adds "the contents have it." As a rule the law lords come to the same conclusion in an appeal. But should there be a difference of opinion, judgment is given according to the views of the majority. The lord chancellor finally declares, "The judgment of the House is that this appeal be dismissed, and that the appellant do pay the respondent's costs in the appeal."

The judgment thus pronounced is the judgment of the whole House, and it is entered as such on the Lords' Journals. It defines and fixes the law. It is the last word on the tangled legal point at issue. The fiat is irrevocable.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

From The Speaker.

HERBERT SPENCER.

The news that Mr. Herbert Spencer has at last completed the monumental series of works in which, for the last forty years, he has been interpreting the universe, must have stirred a good many varied memories in a number of men and women now in middle life. Most of the people in England and America—and probably all the people in Russia—who were perplexed by the great intellectual and social problems of the day in the later 'Sixties or earlier 'Seventies, have had a Spencerian phase of thought—followed not infrequently by a period of reaction, ending, as the philosophic fire burnt itself out, in complete indifference. Mr. Spencer came at an epoch-making crisis, and made an epoch himself. He became fully known to the reading public just at that critical time when the old

Utilitarianism and Associationism, more or less transformed by John Stuart Mill, had reached their limit of service, and when new conceptions were fast remodelling science and making a new metaphysic of nature imperative. Mr. Spencer was one of the torch-bearers of those new conceptions, the leader of that typically English thought, which comes down from Locke and Hume, away from a narrow and atomic phenomenalism to something more objective and obviously real. That phenomenalism, though it was not nearly so sceptical or so futile as Mr. Balfour thinks, nevertheless still stood somewhat apart, even as it was presented by John Stuart Mill, from the scientific achievements which are one of the most salient features of the expiring century. It was Mr. Spencer who, by a combination of the views of the contending parties in the famous controversy between Mill and Hamilton, restored to the ordinary philosophic student that belief in a substratum behind the organized world of phenomena which it is so easy to demolish and so difficult to disprove with. It was he who, by developing the results attained by Von Baer and by Helmholtz, supplied biology and psychology respectively with a new set of regulative ideas, and who put into philosophic language those conceptions the establishment of which we mainly owe to Darwin, but which Darwin alone could not have translated into any philosophic phraseology. As to theological thought, it is beyond our scope or power to examine his influence. His Unknowable is at least more in conformity with current religious ideas than either the early scepticism or the later positivism of Hume, or than that terribly dreary collectivism of real and rational which was made in Germany, and is even less intelligible when expounded in English than in its native tongue. His philosophy began, of course, as heresy; but popular theological thought seems to have assimilated some of its ideas, and still more of its terminology, with quite surprising success; so that, to many worthy people, "environment" is as comforting a term as the traditional

Mesopotamia. In political thought he has travelled far, and yet has found himself in some degree left behind. By the unmetaphysical world of to-day he is probably regarded only as the uncompromising individualist who has parted company with all active political forces, and preaches in the desert to a select congregation from the liberty and property defence league. But in this world, which not even his synthetic philosophy has adequately synthesized, a philosopher must be judged by his ideas rather than by his deductions or by the minor details in their application. Otherwise the greatest names in the history of philosophy would fare badly—not least Aristotle and Plato.

It seems ungenerous at such a time to mention the minor defects, most visible in the philosopher's later and more detailed works, and most conspicuous to the younger generation. Time, and perhaps increasing knowledge, have dimmed for most of us the halo which once surrounded the prophet of evolution. We see the conclusions discrepant with our own beliefs or experiences, the small flaws in the details, still more in the means adopted to verify them; while some of the leading ideas have passed so completely into our intellectual life that we cannot recognize their source—still less realize that people thirty years ago had not got them at all. Mr. Spencer's unknowable was discovered at a very early date to involve contradictions—which, however, is the way with ultimate ideas. Our acceptance of his view of heredity has been a little shaken by rumors—for to nine people out of ten they are no more—that Professor Weismann finds reason to think otherwise. Psychologists have gone off into laboratories, and, instead of writing chapters on the associability of feelings, they make interesting and amusing experiments with ingenious machines on their own "reaction-time." Sociologists and anthropologists, like philologists, have got beyond the stage of sweeping generalization into the humbler, but usually more advanced, stage of collecting facts. Students of history and of scientific method dip into

the great tables in Mr. Spencer's "Descriptive Sociology," or into the works based on them, and find there much which they do not know at all, and some things which they know to be conspicuously wrong. If they cannot trust Mr. Spencer or his secretary on ancient Rome or mediæval England, they withhold their credence as to the Bodos and Lepchas, about whom, after all, we know a good deal less. They find, too, the nearest approach to the procedure that Bacon really proposed to adopt in science—a preliminary induction based on facts torn from their context and verified by other facts similarly treated—facts, too, collected for the philosopher by another hand and without the preliminary sifting contemplated by Bacon. We cannot see the wood for the trees, and the outlying trees, taken singly, are sorry specimens now and then. But we only mention these defects to point out their relative unimportance. The merit of a philosophy is not in its deductions, nor will it be till a philosophy arises which is at once true and complete. The philosopher supplies his contemporaries with regulative ideas for their science; and he forms a link in the chain of philosophers which progresses towards an ever more adequate theory of things. What, then, has Mr. Spencer given us?

In the first place, as we have said, he helped the English-speaking world to a new realism—a transfigured realism, to which, in spite of all more comprehensive resolutions, mankind will again and again return. Of still greater importance is his insistence on the world as a process, a continuance—a notion which we can only estimate at its true value if we think of the theories of eternally separate species and catastrophic cataclysms that dominated natural science forty years ago. The refutation of these doctrines is the work of others, but it is Mr. Spencer who has enforced the refutation upon us. He it is, too, to whom we in England and America really owe our acceptance of another truth—that correspondence of life and mind, of nerve-changes and mental changes, which is the basis of

modern psychology, and which was all but ignored and often denied forty years ago. And, finally, no man living has done more to make the world understand that morality, apart from all social or supernatural sanctions, is rooted in the nature of things. Of his political thought we have left ourselves no space to speak. We may think that he has neglected even those measures of indirect protection to the worker that are implied in his own conception of justice; and we certainly do not agree with his last prophecy that, being unfit for industrial freedom, we are fast relapsing into a socialism of a militarist coercive type. We may regret that, having grasped the unity of the universe, he has done nothing with "the general mind" and its expression in the State. But that opens up a question for many volumes. His earlier works are his true monument. But we have absorbed the best of their contents and reject the rest. Perhaps under the circumstances, and for the non-philosophic world, a more visible presentation may be wanted to keep his memory alive.

From The Spectator.
ASIATIC BANKERS.

That Englishmen should not understand fully either Asiatic theology or philosophy is natural enough, for both are based upon assumptions which, whether true or false, the Western mind refuses to accept; but it is a little odd that, with their immense Asiatic interests, they should understand so little of Asiatic methods of conducting business. The majority of them, we believe, fancy that there is little internal trade in Asia, and that what there is is conducted by wandering dealers scarcely better than pedlars, and by small local capitalists in the towns and villages. Both classes truly exist; but there is another class behind both,—the bankers, who, in Asia as in Europe, "finance" the traders, and keep together those reservoirs of capital

without which commerce on any large scale cannot be carried on. In every part of Asia, orderly or disorderly, in Afghanistan or the Khanates, for instance, as in India or China, there will be found in each province or great centre of business a man who bears to the traders of that province, and sometimes far beyond its confines, the relation which the Barings used to bear to the firms they favored. The man is sometimes a Jew, sometimes a Parsee, sometimes an Armenian, but more usually a native of the land; he is the head of a firm, usually composed of relations only, which, having by local or other trade accumulated a capital, has turned banker, and furnishes means to a multitude of smaller and more active traders. He is invariably, for patent reasons, a man of intelligence, he is usually far better informed than his neighbors, and he sometimes lives in what Orientals consider splendid style. This is not, however, universal, the great native banker in Bengal in the Fifties, who was supposed to possess four millions, and certainly possessed two, for he showed that amount in bonds to his doctor, living as simply as any English clerk. All Asiatic commerce, small and great, is based upon "advances"—usually upon personal security—and these men make them, sometimes in astonishingly large amounts. They are repaid as a rule not in money but in goods, so that nearly every banker is also a great trader, and reaps a double return for his money, the interest on his advance, and the profit, often very great, upon the sale of his goods. Sir Albert Abdallah David Sassoon, for instance, the great Jew banker of Bombay, was head of a house which, besides other immense transactions, managed the greater part of the trade between central Asia and western India in this way. Hundreds of wild-looking men from eastern Persia, Khorassan, the Khanates, and Afghanistan would appear one by one in the Sassoons' Bombay office, would ask for "advances," sometimes in very considerable

amounts, and would depart with their cash, leaving behind them, we are assured, no tangible assets whatever. As sure, however, as the passes were safe they would reappear bringing wool, skins, dyes, shawls, turquoises, jewels, dried fruits, drugs, or whatever they had promised to bring, in quantities which amply repaid the risk the firm had run, a risk great in times of violence, but in many years inappreciable, for men of this kind knew well that to "fall the Sassoons" would be to lose the very possibility of trading again, and unless killed or overwhelmed by unavoidable misfortune they never failed. The profit, of course, on a trade of this kind, which in the aggregate amounts sometimes to £350,000 a year, is very great, and the wealth thus accumulated is lent out at high interest to traders or nobles or princes in ways which Asiatic bankers know how to make secure. Indeed the insecurity, when the business is controlled by men with adequate nerve, information, and judgment of personal character, is less than Englishmen imagine, for it is one of the mysteries of the Asiatic character, with its low morale, that in certain kinds of business nobody ever cheats. They have been taught by centuries of experience that, if they do, business must stop, and consequently, as the carriers of Asia have carried boxes of specie for centuries without ever stealing a box, so the traders in certain branches of their business resolutely keep faith. Asia, for instance, is covered with bills of exchange, usually written on a kind of hard tissue paper, which can be wrapped up almost to invisibility, or carried in a quill, couched in words often unintelligible except to bankers, and sometimes, we have been assured, unsigned. Nevertheless, unless the world stops, those bills will be paid. In ten years, during which he received some two thousand of these filmsies a year, often from places and men whose names he did not know, the writer of these words never knew a bill of the kind dishonored, and repeatedly knew them to be

cashed by firms upon which they were not drawn. A fidelity based on intellectual, not moral, considerations marks the whole of Asiatic trade, among Asiatics—it is not so conspicuous when they are dealing with Europeans—and is one reason why the banker is almost invariably either an individual, or the dictator of a firm composed of relatives. No joint-stock coparcenary could have either the energy or the personal character required, and as a matter of fact, we believe, some attempts made by ordinary European banks to obtain the high interest paid on loans in Asia have resulted in annoying failure, and declarations that all Asiatic borrowers are scoundrels.

There are two puzzles connected with Asiatic banking of which we have never yet seen a clear solution. Why does Surajah Dowlah not plunder Omichund? The prince is often a scoundrel who would rob his mother, he has practically absolute power to seize and torture the banker, and he wants the banker's wealth dreadfully, but as a rule he does not touch it. He borrows, it is true, on inadequate security, and at inconvenient times, but he always pays back, if not in cash, then in privileges, agencies, monopolies, or rights of trade which the banker knows perfectly well how to turn into money. Omichund is not raised to high office, and not externally honored; but he is left alone, is constantly consulted by the prince and his great servants, and often, being of necessity both intelligent and specially well-informed, acquires quite extraordinary influence, and can protect travellers as no other man in the State can do. We are not sure that a safe conduct from the Sassoons would not be more valid at Teheran, or even on the Steppes, than any similar document from any European power save the czar or the Indian viceroy. The truth is, we suppose, that ruling Asiatics have been taught by the experience of ages that it does not do to quarrel with the bankers, that the richer the individual is the more valuable he is

as a friend, that the class never forgives an outrage on one of its members, and that to be boycotted by financiers is, if you have mutinous troops to pay, whims to carry out, and a harem to keep contented and in luxury, too inconvenient. The other puzzle is what the bankers in States outside British protection do with their reserves. Most of their wealth is in motion, in bills of exchange, in advances, in loans, but they are compelled by the necessities of credit and other causes to keep large reserves, and where, in places where stocks and shares are unknown or unsalable, do they keep them? Sir Walter Scott believed that the Jewish trading-bankers of the Middle Ages, whose position was almost exactly that of Asiatic bankers now kept stores of wealth in vaults guarded by trustworthy dependants, and we suspect, without absolutely knowing, that his imagination guided him aright. That is certainly the plan adopted by Asiatic princes, as witness the well-known Scindiah case, when four millions in cash was found within the house, and it may well be the plan adopted by the bankers also. They probably keep off ordinary thieves, as the late Mr. Jennings asserted that his "millionaire" hero in New York did, by paying blackmail, just as their subordinate

traders pay blackmail to the dangerous chiefs of the Passes, but the fidelity of their dependants remains a marvel. Besso, as Mr. Disraeli called the banker in "Tancred," will have a quarter of a million in gold and jewels hidden away somewhere, twenty persons will know or suspect the hiding-place, and the treasure will be as safe as if stored in the Bank of England or the corridors of one of the Safe Deposit Companies. There are banking firms in Asia which have lasted for two centuries and have never been betrayed, though they have never during that period enriched a dependant not of their own blood. We dare say there are bankers in England who could say the same, but think, in lands where all power is non-moral and is always seeking money, what that says for the class. There is not a great mercantile "house" in Asia, the continent of violence, chicanery, and wrong, without clerks and servants whom neither terror nor bribery would tempt to betray the firm. When Europeans understand the reason of that they will be able to build up native administrations which will not betray them, or desert them, or prostitute the irresistible power of the white men for purposes of private gain. They do not understand it yet.

The Bicycle in Japan.—The lover of Oriental strangeness may now give up Japan in despair. It was bad enough when the mikado's army took to torpedoes and trousers; it was worse when his subjects descended to common journalism; but with the advent of the bicycle the most fatal link with the unpicturesque West has been forged. The Tokyo Post Office officials now ride with impunity, and, according to latest information, the "Metropolitan Police" are sending extensive orders to two local workshops. For not only does Japan ride; the deft fin-

gers of her craftsmen are busy making machines. Moreover, they make them well; for—it sounds incredible, but the statement comes on good authority—the Yokohama Bicycle Works have lately received an order for one hundred machines from America! and the American machinists are supposed to be licking creation in the bicycle business. There is a melancholy sense of disillusion about it all. No more graceful, posing, diagonal attitudes; those three little maids now "scorch" home from school on pneumatic tyres. Mr. Gilbert must recast his opera.

Saturday Review.

